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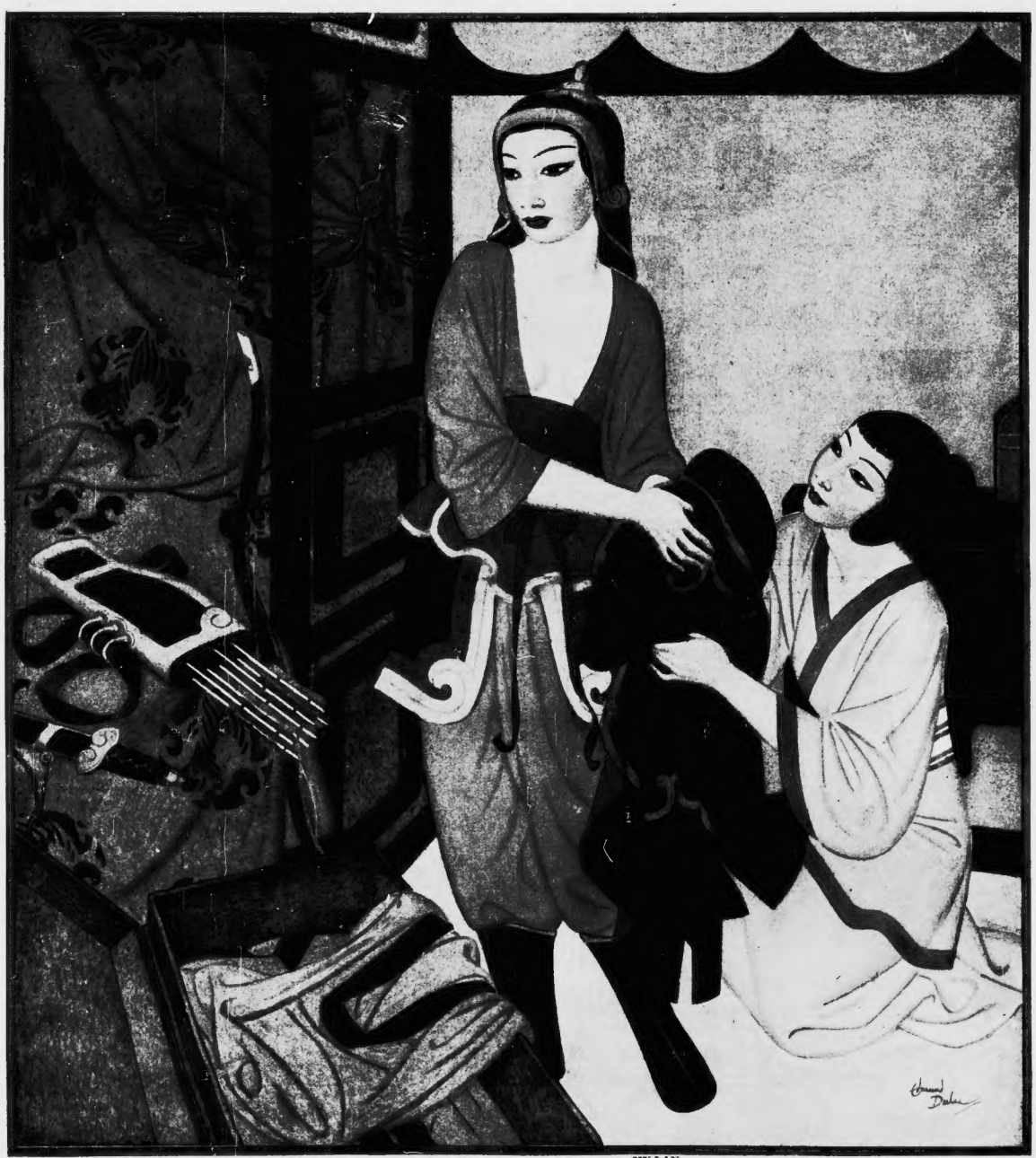

MU-LAN

Fighting Women

By the Distinguished English Artist — Edmund Dulac

IN THE fifth century, during the reign of the Wei Tartars, there rose in China a beautiful girl named Mu-lan, to answer the battle call. The Khan, as a ballad of the time tells it, had ordered a great levy of men, and her father was too old, and her brothers were too young to fight.

So it was Mu-lan who bought a gallant horse, a saddle and cloth, a snaffle and reins, and a tall bow. Then she went forth on her errand of war and traveled four thousand miles until the enemy was driven out of China and the land made free.

It took ten years of hard fighting to do it. And when the soldiers who had been most valiant were allowed to see the Emperor's face, he asked each what his reward should be. Mu-lan asked only for a camel to return to her home.

Welcomed home like a long-lost son, she cast aside her heavy soldier's clothes and went out and astonished her fellow soldiers who never dreamed she was a girl.

Killed By The Soup She Made For Her Husband

ADAM MRVICHIN, tired after a hard day on the lean acres of his farm in Backi-Monostor, near Sombor in Jugoslavia, slumped into his chair at the dinner table. He said nothing to his wife, but this taciturnity was not caused by weariness. He hated her, and she hated him, and for weeks they had not spoken.

Whenever the pair did speak it always led to a quarrel, often to blows. As the whole town knew, she said he drank too much, and he said she was unfaithful.

So Mrvichin on this hot evening didn't even look up when his wife pushed the plate of soup in front of him. Instead he said his prayers with head bowed, and then with his eyes still on the table he scooped up a mouthful of the broth with his wooden spoon.

The broth looked dark, and it had a peculiar smell. His wife plainly wasn't going to any pains to serve him pleasant meals, he was thinking to himself. Then suspicion slowly gathered in the peasant's hazy brain.

What struck him as ominous was the silence. The room was tense, almost sinister. He felt he was being watched. Mrvichin looked up suddenly to find out what was the matter. His wife was watching him like a hawk. Her eyes were staring at his hand—there was eagerness and expectation in her expression.

He spoke casually, trying to pretend that nothing was amiss.

"Won't you have any soup?" he asked. It was the first time he had spoken to her in three weeks.

"No, I'm not hungry," she replied quickly—too quickly, it seemed to him. "Eat it all yourself. You are tired; you need a good nourishing soup to give you strength."

Such politeness, coming from his usually mean wife,

The Peasant, in a Wild Rage, Knocked His Wife Down and Forced Some of the Soup Into Her Black Mouth. A Few Hours Later the Woman Was Dead.

caused Mrvichin to be more alert than ever. Why was she so eager to please him all of a sudden? Usually she didn't seem to give a hang whether he ate or not. What was there about this soup that made it so important?

By now they were playing a game of courtesy, like diplomats with war up their sleeves.

"I wouldn't think of eating without you," he said with alarming consideration. Again she refused.

"Eat it up," he roared, dropping his amiable mask; but still she didn't budge.

"Taste that soup or I'll kill you," he shouted. Then, seeing that she wouldn't, he seized her and tried to force a spoonful of it down her throat. She tore away from his grasp, but in a bound he was after her. She was running for the door out of the house and just as she crossed the threshold he felled her with a blow of his fist. He struck her once on the head, and once on the chest. She crumbled, but she was still conscious, and stared at him coldly.

Mrvichin, in a rage and certain that something was wrong, was determined to make her taste her own medicine. Six spoonfuls of the soup he forced down her throat.

A few hours later the woman was dead. The slow-witted farmer told the neighbors she had died unexpectedly, and apparently he expected them to believe him, even when he refused to let them see the body. The villagers, knowing the domestic troubles of the Mrvichins as they did, wisely reported the death to the police, who at once investigated the case.

Examination of the body showed severe bruises on the body of the woman. The marks were undoubtedly caused by blows. The farmer was arrested and taken to the prison at Sombor.

"I did not kill my wife with blows," he kept insisting. "Examine her body and you will find out the truth. She didn't die from the beating I gave her; she died from the soup she tried to get me to eat."

His assertion was at first scoffed at, but at last investigated. An autopsy was made, and it was just as he said. The woman's digestive system was found to contain a large dose of arsenic, and the soup that was still in the plate had a lot of the deadly poison in it, too. The beating the woman had received was undoubtedly serious, it was decided. But she died of poisoning.

This unexpected conclusion put the charges against Mrvichin in a new light. Before, it had been supposed by the police that after one of the domestic quarrels, the husband had in a fit of temper struck and killed her. As such, his crime would have been listed as assault and battery, resulting in death.

Now, however, the Sombor judge was faced by a knotty problem. Was it murder in self-defence? Such a conclusion might set Mrvichin scot-free.

The peasant was, in his simple way, eloquent in his own defense. He pleaded. "Had not some instinct prevented me from eating the poisoned food, I would be dead by now and my wife would be standing trial here. I was only defending my life. I am not to be blamed. I meant only to stun her so that I could feed her the soup. I wanted to know if it was poisoned or not. If it was not, then it wouldn't harm her; if it was, then she deserved her punishment."

This line of defence, evidently hammered into the farmer's head by his lawyer, failed to sway the judge, who rendered what is generally acknowledged to be one of the most unusual decisions on record.

The magistrate decided that although Mrvichin killed his wife with the poison, he couldn't have known for a positive fact that there was poison in the soup. Therefore his responsibility was only for the blows he struck. And since she was dead, he had killed her, partly, by physical violence. For this he was sentenced to two years in prison.

The Mystery Of The Black Cat That "Saw A Ghost"

THE WORD for "cat" among ancient Egyptians was "Mau." It meant "The Seer," not only because pussy could see in darkness with its eery, phosphorescent eyes, but because it was supposed to be at home in two worlds—the natural and supernatural.

Except in a very few places the cat is no longer regarded as sacred, but many a person, encountering the gleaming eyes of a cat at night, feels a surge of the ancient fear at this mysterious creature. Strongly supporting the clairvoyance, or powers of "second sight" often credited to cats, is a recent London murder that rivals the famous "Black Cat" story of Edgar Allan Poe.

The puzzling behavior of a black cat at a villa near London was at first reported as being unique. But to the surprise of many Londoners, hundreds of cat owners wrote to newspapers and magazines, supporting the supposed visionary power of this pet by experiences of their own. As a result all London is embroiled in a controversy over the strange question of whether cats can see ghosts.

It will be remembered that in Poe's famous story of the black cat, the animal was the cause of a quarrel in which the husband murdered his wife. When the killer walled her up in the cellar, the cat managed to get walled up with her. When the police came, the cat cried out from the vault and the murder was uncovered.

In the present murder nobody knows whether the cat had anything to do with the killing or not. But there are certain similarities to Poe's story. Mrs. Georgina May Casserley, wife of a rich distillery director—the man who was murdered—was the fond mistress of a cat that had been in the family for five years. Recently she entered her home in the fashionable Wimbledon suburb of England's capital, and found her husband lying on the hearth rug where the cat usually curled up. He was bleeding from bullet wounds and the walls were splashed with blood. His wife called the police, and development led to her being held as an accessory after the fact. Her alleged lover, Edward Royal Chaplin, was committed to trial for murder.

When His Master Was Murdered, the Black Cat Moved Out of the House to Stay With Neighbors. The Sight of the Home of the Dead Man Makes the Cat's Hair Rise on Its Back.

But what of the black cat? Since the tragedy no amount of persuasion has gotten the cat back into the house. He "moved" over to neighbors and his fur rises at sight of his former home. Even choice pieces of fish and liver can't get him to cross the threshold, and he only cries mournfully at the prospect.

It has been pointed out that apparently the cat was present at the time of the murder. Black cats, as a symbol of impending death, are an old superstition—but though what this feline witnessed might be valuable on a witness chair, he has no way of contributing acceptable testimony. What impression did the murder—if he saw it—make on his mind? What mental reactions keep him from home?

There is a considerable school of thought that says the cat sees his master's ghost and is afraid to enter. Certain it is, say the sure ones, that cats see ghosts and are themselves often seen as ghosts, and Britain is full of documented and sworn tales of such phenomena. Awe alone, they suggest, could hardly account for some of the impressive accounts that have been published in leading British pet magazines since the Casserley murder.

One influential British citizen wrote: "In July, 1937, I took a deserted house in the north of England. My eldest boy and I went before the others and stayed in the house three days.

"Now please do not expect that I am going to tell you that our nights were disturbed by the banging of doors and the clanking of chains, and of other forms of apectral visitations. There was nothing of the sort, but I do declare there was something about the house which, for want of a better word, I can only describe as 'hostile.' It was not very terrifying, but it was a definite sensation.

"My wife and younger son arrived later in the week and brought with them our Blue Persian cat. He is, of course, a pet. His behavior from the start was strange. As soon as he was set down in the house he ran out of doors and remained out. He developed a peculiar habit of creeping and prowling low all around the house. Every now and then he would stop and stand without moving, as if listening, and this went on all day until he was carried bodily into the house for the night. He wouldn't wait for breakfast the next morning but again ran out of the house to stay. He refused all food thereafter until it was taken to him outside. It worried us.

"This went on for four days. But the strangest thing has yet to be told. Our cat normally hates dogs. But at that house he ran to meet any dog, even when he was growled at. He seemed to be looking for some particular dog and later events give this search an eery explanation.

"We had been in the house a week when I made the discovery. I opened a door not previously opened in the cellar. It led to a dark room. I casually played my flashlight around and was startled to find the skeleton of a dog in the center of the floor, with the head pointing to the door. It must have been locked in by accident and died a horrible death of starvation. We had the remains removed.

"From that moment on the cat stopped staying out of the house, and enjoyed being in it. He stopped looking at dogs and was his old happy self again. That, sir, is the story which prompts me to ask, 'do cats see ghosts?'"

This man's question, on the heels of the Casserley cat report, spurred hundreds of persons into activity. Mrs. G. Bridgett, of Yorkshire, reported a similar incident. "After reading of the Blue Persian's behavior in a 'hostile' house," she related, "I am tempted to tell you of my cat's behavior in a villa I rent in the south of France. This cat is fascinated with fear of a stone staircase which she avoids like the plague, but nonetheless watches out of the corner of her eye. I have found out that a former owner of our villa died there under strange circumstances. I am sure that when my cat stares in fascination at the stone staircase she is watching something we cannot see."

Mrs. Marie Clavering, a Londoner, is equally emphatic. "Do cats see ghosts?" she asks; and answers, "Of course they do. And we see cats' and dogs' ghosts—at least I do. I saw Kao Tze's ghost. He was my neighbor's dog. He used to come at 7 o'clock every evening to play a game with a bone attached to a string in my parlor. One night he didn't come; the next night he was back playing. He came for several nights until he jumped on the couch to play. I started to chase him off but was surprised at how he just seemed to vanish. The next day I found out from my neighbor that he had died a week before. It was a ghost that played in my house all that time."

There also are skeptics among cat fanciers, and Mrs. F. Rory-Pierson, of Manchester, is one of them. "Do cats see ghosts? No," says she, "they do not; neither do dogs nor human beings, for that matter. That is the opinion I have come to, however reluctantly, after investigating scores of cases. A friend wrote me that her cat wouldn't enter their new house and, instead, crouched and crept outside. I investigated and saw him doing it. But careful watching proved the house was not haunted. It was inhabited by two young rats. These caught, Tabby came in and slept soundly. Some cats can see things we do not see, and above all, smell things we cannot smell—but never do they ever see or smell a ghost."

Toothache A Blessing, Says Scientist

THANKING one's lucky stars for an aching tooth doesn't quite seem to make sense. But if teeth never did hurt the human race might soon be almost toothless, since everyone's teeth would be likely to wear out at a distressing rate, according to conclusions reached by Doctor O. W. Tiegs, of Melbourne, Australia.

Toothache has been with us since the beginning of man and longer. Folks who poke around studying fossils to find out what possible ill health may have been enjoyed by creatures of the past, report that tooth troubles are just about the world's oldest diseases. Yet it is doubtful if toothache ever was considered a boon to man or beast.

Indeed, the affliction seems to be so unpopular that many folks even resort to hocus-pocus to get rid of it. Certain tribes of Australian blacks "transfer" their toothaches to a kind of black stone called karritch which they hurl at the enemy, together with the transferred toothache and perhaps their complaints although there seems to be no record of the latter.

In various parts of Europe backward people rub an aching tooth with a nail until the offending tooth bleeds profusely. Then they drive the nail into a tree, a door or a wall, whichever happens to be handy, at the same time supposedly driving the ache in with the nail. The catch to this trick is that whoever pulls the nail out allegedly gets the toothache. Other strange bits of magic are used to get rid of what may be a blessing in disguise, depending on what kind of a toothache it is.

The toothache that Dr. Tiegs considers fortunate and the one about which everyone is supposed to rejoice is not the pain that comes from cavities where germs or acids have settled in cracks and crevices of the teeth and eaten

No Victim of Toothache Will Believe That the Pain Is, in a Way, a Blessing. But a Scientist Says It Is and Gives a Logical Reason for His Theory.

holes in them. Nor is it the pain which comes from infected roots; although both of these are lucky in the sense that they usually cause the victim to go to the dentist for repairs which the body cannot handle.

The hurts about which the Australian doctor waxes enthusiastic are related to those that make one want to jump out of the dentist's chair when he starts drilling in the ivory or dentine of the tooth, which is the bone-like layer just underneath the hard enamel surface. Everyone who has visited a dentist is familiar with this kind of tooth-pain and no doubt has wondered why Nature didn't make teeth that can take it instead of those that are so easily hurt. Dentists themselves have spent a bit of time puzzling over this and it began to look as if Nature had carelessly put in a lot of unnecessary "pain makers" until the Australian scientist offered his suggestions.

According to Dr. Tiegs, these toothaches are Nature's way of letting the inside of the tooth know what the outside is doing; a procedure which seems not to be frowned upon as is letting the left hand know what the right hand does, but turns out to be a very important duty since teeth wear out slowly through constant use and need repair.

New dentine for patching up or strengthening the worn places must be constructed by the body out of calcium, phosphors and other minerals in the food. Since tooth wear naturally is on the outside where the teeth are rubbed and ground away by chewing, it always has been a mystery how the nerves and blood vessels deep inside a tooth could have new dentine ready and be sure that it was sent to just the right worn-out spot instead of somewhere else. One can hardly imagine a good roof being built on a house if the fellow who supervised the job stayed all the time in the basement. Yet teeth have been patching themselves successfully from inside for thousands of centuries.

Dr. Tiegs believes that Nature licked the problem of how to get the repair work done successfully when she made the dentine so extremely sensitive, which she apparently did by interlacing it with thousands of tiny but tough and string-like fibers, like wires to set off an alarm.

At its inner end, each of these dentine fibers touches the tiny tendril of a nerve branched out from the pulp inside the tooth. The nerves in the pulp come up through the jaw and tooth root accompanied by the arteries and veins, which nourish the tooth and keep it alive.

When a spot anywhere on the outside of a tooth begins to wear too thin, chewing sets up shocks and vibrations which probably strike the dentine fibers like a volcanic eruption in comparison with the sensation when the tooth is whole. Such tremendous shocks make each tiny thread affected pull harder on the nerve tendril to which it is attached. Pulling on a nerve, like pulling on the trigger of a revolver, usually makes something happen. The pain produced makes the tooth's owner chew a little more carefully until repairs are made and at the same time sends out necessary signals to start building up that worn spot.

Tooth pains of this kind may be fine for helping the body get its mending job done right but they don't seem to help the dentist much. He is quite willing to have a few improvements on Nature which will allow him to do more work and less wrestling with the patient. As a result scientists have been trying to help by developing various pain eliminators and desensitizers which might soften or disconnect the fibers in the dentine and make the nerves inside less sensitive to the shock of the dentist's tools.

This would be quite all right for the dentist in doing his work on the outside and can see what to do, while the tooth nerves on the inside need know nothing about it; but, according to Dr. Tiegs' discoveries, when repairs have to be done by the body itself folks who want to keep their teeth should be thankful that teeth can hurt.

A Hospital Where Patients Can Barter Their Bills Away

AT THE Easton Emergency Hospital, in Easton, Maryland, no free cases are accepted, yet people without money are constantly being treated there. Patients are often out of cash, yet they always pay the hospital, and often have money left over.

This paradoxical state of affairs has come about through the far-sightedness of Miss Dorothy Matthews, superintendent, who saw no sense in leaving hospital beds empty while the indigent lay sick and uncared for at home. So she devised a kind of installment plan for the hospital, by means of which the patient could pay after the operation or treatment. But many persons can't obligate themselves in this way because debt is not merely against their principles—often they can't afford it.

They know that even when they are better they may not be able to pay off the indebtedness. But this is hardly true at Easton Emergency Hospital, where the barter system is wisely and profitably practiced.

Everybody who can't pay cash pays "in kind." As a result the buildings are in spic and span condition, the grounds are trim, and the food served the patients is excellent and fresh.

If the patient has no money, the hospital investigates. There is something he has that will be acceptable in place of cash, and the hospital is anxious to know what it is.

The patient may have a father or husband who is a painter, an electrician, a plasterer, a plumber or some other kind of skilled worker. Some job around the hospital sooner or later will need his services. Rare is the father or close relative who will refuse to commit himself to some sort of "barter" trade to get his sick relation taken care of medically.

Often the amount of work amounts to more than the whole hospital bill, and in that case the medical people pay the difference in cash. Thus, in Easton, an operation can now actually be a financially profitable proposition for those who receive it.

Suppose the patient comes from a family of farmers, fishermen, or crabbers. It's all the same to the Easton Emergency Hospital. Food costs money, and the payment of food is as good as money to the hospital, which will accept it up to the amount of the bill. The institution's dietician fixes the market value of the foodstuffs. Often the patient is paid half the value in cash and the rest is credited on his bill. It is even possible to build up a credit at the hospital in case of further illness in the family.

Eastern Shore produce is also needed—fresh corn, carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, peas, fruit, berries, seafood. A young steer, a hog or two, freshly slaughtered lambs or calves, chickens, eggs, milk—whatever the shore produces is acceptable.

"Here is one hospital that is doing a major job and doing it well because of the interest and ability of its staff," Mrs. Harriette Kearfoot, of the Maryland Board of State Aid and Charities, recently reported to Maryland's Governor, Harry W. Nice.

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Costly "Marriage Recipes" of Very Rich Mr. Woodward

Everything Jelled Perfectly for the Former Jelly King Except His Formulas for Domestic Happiness, but Having Jumped Out of the Frying Pan Into the Fire, He Is Trying His Hardest to Jump Back

Wealthy O. F. Woodward, Whose Domestic Failures Keep on Eating Into the $50,000,000 He Made Out of Jelly.

Mr. Woodward's Matrimonial Recipes Seem to Have Him in Mid-Air at the Moment, Between Wife No. 1 and Wife No. 2, and While the Courts Can't Say Which Formula Is Better, They May Have to Decide Who Is His Legal Wife—Which Will Probably Cost Him a Lot More Money.

The Jelly Heirs, Orator Francis, Jr., and Ruth, Who Were "Kidnaped" by Their Father Ten Years Ago. This Photograph Was Taken About That Time at a Valentine Party.

Mrs. Mary Trask Woodward, Wife No. 2, a Former Musical Comedy Actress, Who Says Orator's Mexican Divorce from Wife No. 1 Is as Good as Gold as Far as She Is Concerned.

MR. ORATOR FRANCIS WOODWARD has many millions of dollars because when he was the jelly king all his recipes jelled perfectly into molds of success and fortune. But, as often happens with great men, his special knowledge apparently stopped short of arriving at the formula for a perfect domestic dish so far as his own life is concerned.

Neither of his two marriages seems to have jelled at all, which was very expensive for Mr. Woodward. The first failure cost him around $3,500,000 and now the second threatens to set him back another $4,000,000.

Confronted with this sour prospect, Mr. Woodward surprised everybody the other day by whirling right around and making a flying leap at Matrimonial Recipe No. 1, so to speak—apparently hoping in this way to save himself from having to pay such a jelly king's ransom for the failure of Recipe No. 2. However unpalatable that first recipe may have been, Mr. Woodward now contends that it is still his dish, his only legal dish, even though a Mexican divorce court tested it for him nine years ago and tossed it aside as unusable.

To make this odd situation all the more interesting, while Mr. Woodward still appears to be hovering in mid-air between wife No. 1, who was Persis Earle Davis, and wife No. 2, who was Mary Trask, a $500,000 breach of promise suit filed against him recently in the name of Mrs. Edna P. Bain, a trained nurse, was unexpectedly and mysteriously withdrawn by her attorneys. In effect, the complaint in that suit alleged that the former jelly king wooed Mrs. Bain with sugary words which are now nothing but a bitter memory, and it asked for that half a million because of an unsavory jam he was charged with getting her into.

When the Mexican court gave Mr. Woodward's Marriage Formula No. 1 that official though hurried analysis, and granted a divorce, both Orator and Persis were glad enough to accept the decision as final—which is not surprising, considering all the headaches that recipe had caused them. But now Mr. Woodward seems to feel that it really didn't get the acid test after all, due to the allegedly slipshod methods of the Mexican court, and apparently he wants to go back and try using it all over again, if Persis is willing.

How the first Mrs. Woodward feels about this is at present unknown. Ever since the divorce she has been living in freedom and, presumably, happiness in fashionable American communities including Paris, France.

But there is no doubt whatever about the second Mrs. Woodward's opinion of Formula No. 2. Judging by her complaint, she feels that it is just one of those things that sounds mighty appealing when you first hear about it but doesn't cook up at all like you think it will—and so far the New York courts have agreed with her to the extent of awarding her $30,000 a year temporary alimony.

Naturally, she wants more than that. First of all she asked for a $2,000,000 cash settlement and then for $60,000 a year permanent alimony. Since she is at present in her thirties, on the basis of normal life expectancy this alimony would probably run up to about $2,000,000, making a very grand total of $4,000,000, or about $500,000 more than the cost of that first non-jelling marriage.

A former musical comedy actress, the second Mrs. Woodward accuses the former jelly king of displaying a much sweeter disposition toward his horses than toward her. In fact, her attorney, Mr. George W. Whiteside of the New York City law firm of Chadbourne, Wallace, Parke & Whiteside, told the judge that Mr. Woodward spent $30,000 last year on his horses while Mary didn't have enough to pay the rent. That may have been what prompted the judge to award her that $30,000 temporary alimony, perhaps figuring that a wife is at least entitled to as much consideration as her husband's horses.

"In the fall of 1934," Mary's complaint says, "when our baby was one year old, we were preparing to go to Florida. My husband had been missing for several hours and finally returned drunk. I heard the baby commence to cry and stepped into our bedroom. I found my husband sitting there with the baby on his lap. As I entered the room, he shouted:

"'You said this baby was anxious to see me. He doesn't even know me.'

"The baby continued crying and he spanked him—hard. It cried louder so he spanked it again and again. I reached over to take the baby and he kicked me in the stomach."

That's the way Recipe No. 2 panned out in their New York City apartment, she charges, and here is how she says it became even more disagreeable after they were established at "La Villa del Fiori," his "magnificent" estate at Palm Beach, Florida:

"My husband was continually drunk. On one occasion he returned home at 4 A. M. He pulled the bed covers off me and made me go into the kitchen and prepare some creamed chicken for him. He relishes creamed chicken. I prepared a lovely dish of creamed chicken.

"He looked at it drunkenly for a minute and then said: 'Is that creamed chicken?' I said: 'Yes.' He then said: 'Well, eat the damned stuff yourself!' and he threw it in my face."

Not long after that, she says, he deserted her and she hasn't seen him or heard from him since way last January, although she believed he had been "hiding in Reno and elsewhere, living under assumed names."

In his affidavit, Mr. Woodward denies every bit of this and blames Mary with the failure of Formula No. 2. Her conduct toward him, he says, was such as to make it unsafe for his health and welfare to remain with her and when his doctor advised him to seek "a high and dry climate," he went to Reno—which is certainly high enough, in every respect, but not conspicuously dry.

There seems to be some confusion, however, as to just why Mr. Woodward went to Reno—but it wasn't to divorce Mary. His Nevada lawyer says that he is at present in Reno "to maintain a residence to avoid various and sundry New York taxes that Nevada does not impose."

"Princess" Fatima Ali, the Oriental Dancer, Who Was Accused of Charming Mr. Woodward in Paris.

Mrs. Persis Earle Davis Woodward, Wife No. 1, Who Hasn't Yet Said Whether or Not She Wants Mr. Woodward to Come Back to Her.

In his state of health he apparently couldn't travel without a trained nurse and he is said to have taken Mrs. Bain along with him. Mrs. Bain undoubtedly had excellent training as a nurse, but judging by the complaint in that $500,000 breach of promise suit, she couldn't have been anywhere near experienced enough to cope with the "heart" complications alleged to have set in soon after they boarded the train for Reno. In quaint, legal language, the withdrawn complaint puts it this way:

"On the train, defendant, against the wishes of plaintiff, who was of marriageable age, and without her consent, promised to marry her and mutual promises of marriage were then and there made between them."

It hardly seemed necessary for the complaint to explain that she was of marriageable age, since at that time she already had a husband—Dr. Eugene Anthony Bain, of Newport News, Virginia. More to the point would have been some explanation as to why any woman should take the novel attitude that a man should first get her consent before asking her to marry him.

The complaint did paint a sad picture, however, of a nurse who was alleged to have made the fatal error of letting her patient prescribe certain courses of treatment for her and whose duties were represented as then becoming so exacting she "became very weak and helpless in mind and body." Meanwhile, having established residence in Nevada, she proceeded to divorce Dr. Bain and remained "completely under the control" of Mr. Woodward, the complaint said, from February to May. As a result, it was charged that her good name was greatly injured, that her peace of mind was damaged and that her health was ruined for life.

Mr. Woodward's attorneys announced that Mrs. Bain herself asked for the dismissal of the suit "because she had not authorized it and because the facts were not true." They added that there was "no settlement of any character."

Considering all the bitterness there seems to have been in Mr. Woodward's first marriage, it is rather strange that he should now apparently want to go back to that old recipe. The first indication that he considered it unpalatable was way back in 1927 when he returned from a visit to Paris and filed a divorce suit in New York, naming three corespondents Grischa Djenaeff, described as a dancer; Andrea Drear, or Feisadrear, labelled a gigolo, and a third gentleman who bore the mouth-filling name of Wlasyivanoff. Undoubtedly he had a first name, but Mr. Woodward's detectives, having spelled it out once, called him a Russian and let it go at that.

Not long afterwards, Mr. Woodward suddenly reappeared one morning in Paris and "kidnaped" his two children, Orator Francis, Jr., at that time aged 10, and Ruth, aged 12. As Mr. Woodward was driving away with the children from their school, Mr. Emory Foster, the head-master, ran out and clung to the open window of the automobile, in some way getting his wrists cut. Because of that, Mr. Foster sued Mr. Woodward in New York but the case was dismissed on the grounds of insufficient evidence.

Under French law, a father has absolute custody of his children until a divorce is granted, so the Parisian authorities didn't bother about the "kidnaping." But when Mr. Woodward returned to New York with the children his vigilant mother-in-law got him into court with habeas corpus proceedings. This dragged out for quite a while and eventually on the basis of it the boy was awarded to the father and the girl to the mother.

In the 16-page document filed in that case, Mr. Woodward was accused of misconduct in Paris with a certain Princess Fatima Ali, an Oriental dancer, said to be the ex-wife of an Egyptian prince. To offset this accusation, Mr. Woodward proceeded to import from Paris at great expense an astonishing aggregation of witnesses—Mlle. Pauline Streekfuss and Mlle. Pauline Rochon, French girls; Alexander Zinianosky, a Pole; Otar Berk Tugai, a Russian, and Dirk Pen, a Hollander.

When this international assortment arrived at Ellis Island, the puzzled immigration authorities refused to let them into this country until Mr Woodward posted $500 bail for each. But they didn't do him any good, at that.

Before his New York divorce suit could be brought to trial, Mr. Zinianosky, who seems to have been shipped over in bad condition, died of delirium tremens; Mlle Streekfuss fell in love and eloped with a comparative stranger; Mlle Rochon got homesick and skipped out for Paris, and Otar Berk Tugai and Dirk Pen got into a fist fight in their hotel, were thrown out and also vanished.

Disheartened by all of this, Mr. Woodward came to terms with Persis, gave her $1,000,000 in cash, paid $300,000 to her lawyers, set up two $750,000 trust funds for the children and got that Mexican divorce—which he now says isn't worth anything, despite the staggering sum it cost him, but which wife No. 2 says is as good as gold, and a heap of it, as far as she is concerned.

Of course, the courts can't decide which recipe is the best of him. But they will have to decide who is his legal wife in New York—and that's probably going to cost him a lot more money to find out.

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Rumania's Prettiest—and Cleverest—Crook

BUCHAREST.

HAD she chosen to employ her many talents along legitimate lines, Fanny Frankopol, Rumania's prettiest and cleverest crook, might have been a highly successful business girl. She has a gift of salesmanship, an eloquent tongue and a persuasive manner which would sell sunshades to the Eskimos. She even sold a statue out of a public garden in Constanza to the small village of Adamolis—which is why she is now serving a two-year prison sentence.

Some weeks ago while en route to Bucharest, Fanny chanced to stop off for dinner in Adamolis. She learned that the municipal council was planning to erect a monument to soldiers in the village square and it seemed too good an opportunity to miss. She visited the chairman and mentioned casually that she could offer him a beautiful statue which had just been completed.

It was in Constanza, the big Rumanian port on the Black Sea, but fortunately she happened to have a photograph of it with her. Whereupon she showed him a photograph of a figure of a man clad in flowing Roman robes with a Latin inscription on the pedestal.

The whole municipal council gaped admiringly at the picture, not one of them suspecting that the statue was of Ovidius, the great poet of ancient Rome, which has stood for many years in the City Hall Square in Constanza.

After much discussion, all of it favorable, the council unanimously agreed to buy the statue from Fanny. They even paid her the 34,000 lei—about $220—in advance, for which she gave them a neatly receipted bill of sale. She also agreed to meet members of the committee in Constanza on a day during the following week so that they could take the statue home.

The committee found the statue all right, but not Fanny. Thinking that she was late for the appointment, the head of the municipal council ordered his men to lower the figure from its pedestal and put it in the waiting truck. Police put in an appearance, however, and stopped them.

The whole party was taken to the police station and questioned. The police inspector roared with laughter when the municipal council members told their story and exhibited a bill of sale. Later they returned to their village with long faces and a determination not to erect a statue.

The police wanted to find Fanny Frangopol but she had disappeared. She had left quite a trail of misdeeds behind her, however. In one town she had posed as a college professor and sold tickets for a lecture she hadn't given. In another she had collected a tidy sum from several gullible men whom she had promised government jobs which "her grandfather, the Cabinet Minister, would provide."

They finally caught up with Fanny in Bucharest and brought her back to Constanza to stand trial. Dozens of men testified that the pretty crook had swindled them out of various sums of money, but it was the Ovidius statue and her signature on the bill of sale which put her away for the next two years.

The Amusing Distortographs, Shown Above, At the Left and Below, Were Not Made in One of Those Wavy Mirrors Installed at Amusement Parks, But in the Backs and Fronts of Ordinary Table Spoons. Such "Spoonographs" May Become a Fad With Candid Camera Fans.

Smiling Fanny Frangopol, the Charming and Clever Crook Who Sold a Public Statue, Which Had Been a Landmark for Years, to the Citizens of Another Town.

—And Left—

The Statue That She Peddled, Which Stands Near the City Hall in the Rumanian Port of Constanza. The Gullible Buyers Were Getting Ready to Cart the Work of Art Away When the Police Stopped Them.

Table-Spooning With a Camera

HAVING taken possession of every other room of the house from kitchen to garret, the candid camera craze has now invaded the dining room, to the amusement as well as consternation of various members of the picture fan's family.

When somebody discovered that the ordinary tablespoon, with a high polish on its concave and convex sides, reflected faces in much the same distorted manner that the curved mirrors in amusement parks do, camera addicts immediately pounced upon this new accessory to their craft with enthusiasm.

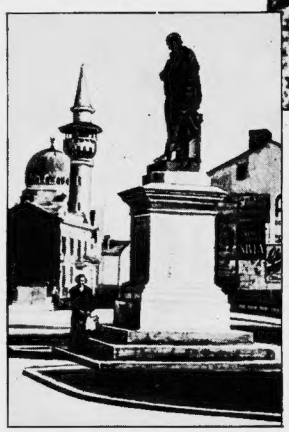
At the left are some examples of tablespoon photography which make the candid camera subjects look like caricatures of themselves. The series is called "The after-dinner joke" and the photographer has done an excellent job of recording the expressions of the jokesmith and his three listeners.

The second picture from the bottom is of the diner who has just finished telling what he believes was an amusing story. To prove it, he is laughing at it himself. Below him is a tablespoon picture of a person who doesn't think that the joke is so funny. In fact, the adroit photographer has caught him in the act of yawning.

The man in the picture at the top of the page, on the other hand, did think the story was humorous. The camera addict not only caught his smile, but by quickly twisting the spoon and shooting the picture, he distorted it in grotesque fashion.

Below this is a tablespoon picture of a man who disapproved of the story entirely. And the photographer accentuated that disapproval by turning the spoon in such a manner that the subjects reflection was elongated into a distinctly "sour puss."

The Dinner Table Candid Camera Subject Does Not Seem Happy About His Twisted Portrait.



Beavers That Work for Uncle Sam

LONG before the Federal Government became interested in soil erosion and flood control projects, in fact long before there was any government or white man in America, the busy beaver was hard at work on engineering enterprises of his own. Today, although the beaver is not listed on the roster of the U. S. Department of the Interior, and draws no pay from a public works bureau, he is still an engineering asset—in some cases more so than human engineers, according to a recent announcement of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

On Mission Creek, near Cashmere, Washington, beavers are reported to have built nearly 60 dams in only about five miles of the creek's length. Experts estimate that these beaver dams hold more than a half million gallons of water and are of great assistance in preventing floods, washouts and soil erosion, as well as keeping silt out of the water to be used for irrigation.

Near Yakima, Washington, other beavers have taken charge of Ahlstrom Creek, building one dam more than 100 feet long which impounds enough water to irrigate many acres of land. Engineers' estimates of the cost of a duplicate man-made structure total about $2,500. When America was discovered by the white men, the beavers were already setting an example for the dawning engineering age.

Believes He'll Return From the Grave

JOHN BOWMAN, formerly of Cuttingsville, Vermont, has been dead more than 50 years but the house in which he lived is still awaiting his return. The pantry is well stocked, the furniture is dusted and there are freshly laundered sheets on his bed. For when Bowman died, he fully expected to come back from the grave and he made his plans accordingly.

About 60 years ago, Bowman, a prosperous leather tanner, became convinced of his immortality. He believed that when death overtook him, it would do so only temporarily. Whether he would come back from the grave in his own earthly body or be reincarnated in another form, he was not certain. But he did know he would come back.

To make things easier for his return, he built a mansion directly opposite and across the road from the Laurel Glen cemetery where the impressive Bowman mausoleum was ready to receive his remains. He also set up a perpetual trust fund to take care of the taxes and repairs on his house if his return should be delayed for too long a period. Additional money was provided to keep the various rooms of the house in a livable condition so that he could move in again at a minute's notice, after reviving.

As a final precaution, before he died, Bowman had himself sculptured in granite, paying a great deal of money for a good likeness. The figure was placed at the door to the tomb so if his memory was gone when he returned from the grave, some one would recognize its similarity to the stone image and establish his identity.

Right, the Statue of John Bowman at the Entrance of His Tomb and, Left, the Mansion That Has Been Kept Ready for His Return From the Grave for Half a Century.

The Mausoleum of the Man Who Believed That He Would Come Back Home in One Form or Another.

Doctors Kill Germs After 41 Years

LONDON.

IT took Dr. C. R. T. Lane and Dr. A. E. Francis of St. Bartholomew's Hospital more than 41 years to track down typhoid germs in a patient's body, but like medical G-men, they finally routed the evil-doers.

In 1896 their patient had an attack of typhoid fever. He apparently got well and wasn't sick again for forty years, except for a mild attack of malaria during the Great War. Last year, this remarkable health record broke down. The patient developed what he thought was pleurisy and landed in St. Bartholomew's.

There the doctors treated the supposed pleurisy with little success and finally cut a hole through his ribs and found an abscess. Under suitable germ-killing treatment this abscess presently healed, but not without astonishing the doctors by the kind of germs that it contained. Instead of some everyday germ which the victim might have picked up anywhere, the abscess germs turned out to be those of typhoid fever.

Dr. Lane and Dr. Francis conclude that these germs must have lived somewhere in the patient's body from the typhoid attack of 1896 until something stirred them up again in 1937 and caused the supposed pleurisy. That individual germs lived the full 41 years is unlikely. Some people are known to be typhoid "carriers," in whose digestive systems typhoid germs live and breed indefinitely without doing any harm. Somewhere in this man's body a small germ colony must have been living quietly in this same way, reproducing a few new germs each year and waiting its chance to start another spell of real disease.

The patient is relieved that the germs finally came out. He doesn't care what they were, or how old, so long as they are gone.

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Newest Explanation of What May Have Caused the Deluge

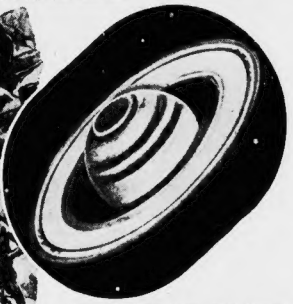
Professor Fretz, Eminent Geologist of Lehigh University, Finds Evidence That a Tiny Planet Pulled the Seas Up Into an Ice Ring Around Our Earth—and the Biblical Flood Came When It Melted

It may Have Been an Astronomical Vagabond Like the Planetoid Eros, Pictured Above; or the Planetoid Hermes, or Even a Comet That Came Too Near the Earth and Pulled Enough Water Away to Reduce the Sea Level and Cause Phenomena That Explains the Biblical Story of the Flood.

Drawing Showing How the Earth's Continents Appeared When an Outer Planet or Other Heavenly Body Brought About the Ice Age by Drawing a Considerable Portion of the Oceans Up Into a Gigantic Ice Ring, Like the Rings of Saturn. When the Huge Ring Finally Melted, the Result Was a Flood Such As the Bible Describes.

"The Deluge," by the Famous Artist, Dore. Now Science Examines the Possibility of a World-Wide Flood and Rain for 40 Days and Nights, in Noah's Time.

Man Was Only Partly Civilized During the Glacial Period, and Lived by Hunting Great Beasts, As Fossils From the Glaciated Zones Reveal; Beasts That Could, in That Age, Roam Over What Are Now Seas, Or Straits.



Rings of the Planet Saturn, Which Resemble The Ice Ring That Prof. Fretz Thinks Once Encircled the Northern Zone of the Earth.

WITH firm faith, Fundamentalists and other devout people who accept the Bible's story of the Deluge have for centuries maintained that not only could it happen, but that it did happen, in spite of the doubts of scientists that rain could fall over the earth for a period of forty days and nights and in sufficient quantity to submerge the world's entire surface. That it could rain all that time without the sky anywhere above the earth running out of water, scientists have said, is hardly credible.

Now, however, a distinguished geologist, who is a professor in a well-known university, and with ample scientific standing to back up his opinions, presents a new theory that may reconcile the story of Noah and his ark with scientific fact. He is Professor A. H. Fretz, of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Professor Fretz aids the Fundamentalists' belief in the Deluge story as told in Chapters 7 and 8 of Genesis by presenting the hypothesis that a flood may have been caused by a small planet or other heavenly body, or perhaps even a comet passing close to the earth. This he believes may have drawn by its own gravity a considerable part of the earth's oceans up into a huge ring of salty ice fragments encircling the earth somewhat as the mysterious rings of Saturn encompass that planet. For a long time before the Glacial Period, which it caused, Professor Fretz proposes in his theory, this ring remained in position. After a while the ring began to collapse and finally melted, and the results of its disintegration must have been not at all unlike what the Bible story of Noah records: rain all over the earth pouring torrents of water back into the partly emptied seas and rivers and restoring the normal level which had been considerably lowered by the pull of the vagabond planet.

Professor Fretz, in proposing this theory of the Flood's cause, does not automatically accept every detail of the Flood story as told in Genesis. Like other modern scientists, he leaves room for the idea that some facts may have been distorted before the story was finally reduced to writting.

Yet all modern scientific students of the Bible are finding more and more that each of the ancient stories contained a considerable core of actual facts independent of the spiritual phases of the legend. In the case of the Flood story, it is worthy of note that the legend persists in many other parts of the world of which Noah probably never dreamed. Yet this may have been the self-same deluge.

Being primarily a geologist rather than a historian or a theologian, Professor Fretz began his studies on the subject, not to back up the story of the Deluge, but to explain three scientific mysteries.

Mystery No. 1 is the existence of deep canyons underneath the sea, where there could not be any rivers to cut them as the Colorado River has cut the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and where geologists never have been able to see how these submarine canyons could have been cut at all.

Mystery No. 2 is the cause of the Great Ice Age, when there can be no doubt that vast sheets and mountains of solid ice covered a considerable part of North America, Europe and Northern Asia, but without any extremely cold weather elsewhere on earth.

Mystery No. 3 is that of how elephants, deer, horses and many other animals seem to have been able, in past ages, to cross freely between the different continents, where deep and wide seas now stretch to make such animal migrations impossible.

The first of these mysteries is the most important one. Geologists can imagine various possible ways in which the Ice Age might have been caused or the animals might have been moved from one continent to another, but no one ever has suggested even a plausible theory for the formation of the underwater canyons.

These would be explained if the continents could be thought of as thrust up a mile or more higher into the air by some gigantic manifestation of volcanic forces, but there is not the slightest evidence that any such upthrust and later downthrust did occur. Another possible explanation would be to imagine that the sea level sank, for some reason, a mile or so below what it is at present. With either lifted continents or a sunken sea level thousands of feet would be exposed vertically at the edges of each continent. Rivers such as the Hudson, falling down these exposed slopes in gigantic waterfalls, soon would cut canyons just like these which modern soundings show do exist.

Biblical Picture of Noah's Ark Landing on Mt. Ararat, After the 40 Days and Nights of Universal Rains.

The trouble is that no geologist ever has been able to imagine a way which seemed plausible even to himself and by which enough water could be taken out of the world's oceans to lower the sea level a mile or so, and then put back again a few thousand or hundred thousand years later.

Prof. Fretz's idea is that just before the time of the Great Ice Age a minor planet or perhaps even a very large comet chanced to come reasonably close to the earth in space; not close enough to disrupt the solid earth in any important way but close enough to raise unprecedented tides in all the earth's oceans. That such astronomical visitors actually can come reasonably close is proved by the visit, only last year, of the tiny planetoid now named Hermes, which came within about 700,000 miles. Fortunately for humanity, Hermes is a tiny body, probably less than a mile in diameter and with only a very feeble gravitational attraction. Accordingly, its near visit did no harm. Had it been a few hundred miles across instead of a few thousand feet, the results might have been disastrously different.

Such a small planet or a massive comet or meteor coming close to the earth would cause many serious disturbances, even if it and the earth did not actually collide. Continents would be lifted and dropped in earthquakes many times more powerful than any experienced by modern mankind. New volcanoes undoubtedly would explode in regions where the earth's internal fires now seem to have gone out forever. Electric and other storms of unprecedented violence would follow the immense disturbances of the atmosphere. Tides in the sea might rise hundreds or even thousands of feet high and sweep everything before them up to the slopes of the highest mountains.

These tides, indeed, might easily rise high enough to force great masses of water off the earth altogether, just as astronomers believe that another passing star once drew out of our sun the white hot gases which later cooled to form the earth and other planets. And just as happened in the sun's case, according to this generally accepted "tidal" theory of the origin of the solar system, so Professor Fretz's hypothesis assumes that some of the water thus drawn out of the earth's oceans would continue to circulate around the earth instead of flying off altogether into space, precisely as the matter drawn out of the sun continued to circulate around it and, presently condensed and cooled to make the planets.

Thus pulled off into space, even if only a few hundred miles above the earth's surface, this lost water promptly would freeze into solid, salty ice, for the salt in the ocean naturally would be pulled away with the water. Instead of a few gigantic balls of ice, like miniature moons, Professor Fretz believes that the frozen water would harden into much smaller fragments not unlike the bits of rock, sand and dust which are believed to make the famous rings of the planet Saturn. The planetoid might have passed anywhere and set up its ice ring in any position or direction, but what happened during the Ice Age leads Professor Fretz to believe that it must have been around the present Northern Hemisphere that the ice ring formed and revolved. It was only in this Hemisphere that the Ice Age proceeded to follow.

If all this happened about as Professor Fretz imagines, there must have been some lowly and primitive races of mankind on earth at the time and they must have enjoyed, or feared, some astonishing spectacles. On the higher mountains these primitive human beings would have been safe from the gigantic tidal waves raised as the planetary visitor passed. If they managed to avoid being killed by falling mountain sides during the earthquakes, they could look up afterward and see a gigantic, pearl-colored band of ice crystals, stretching from East to West across the heavens like a nearby Milky Way. And if any of these human survivors managed to make their way back to where the seashore was, they would find it sunk a mile or so lower, with rivers plunging downward to meet this lowered sea through gigantic waterfalls.

Thus would the submarine canyons be carved and deepened, and soon would come the second act of the drama, the one responsible for the Ice Age, for the subsequent rising of the sea to submerge the great canyons that had been cut, and perhaps also for the story of Noah's Flood.

Once formed, the ring of ice crystals around the earth would not be stable. Tidal forces of the moon, the sun and the earth itself would act on it. Continual grinding and collision of particles in the ice swarm would cause still other changes in its mechanical condition. Gradually, particles would drop out of the ice ring and drift back to earth. Some might melt and fall as salty rain. Many would form a hail of salty ice.

This easily might be enough, Professor Fretz's hypothesis says, to explain the Great Ice Age. If icy hail fell from the ring faster than the ice could melt and run back into the sea, vast ice sheets would accumulate just where the geological records of the Ice Age prove that they did accumulate.

Oceans would stay low enough during the first part of the ice ring's existence to expose long and wide bridges of land between the different continents. Thus would be explained the third of the three scientific mysteries, that of how the land animals managed to migrate from continent to continent.

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"Portals of Illusion"

by H. Bedford-Jones

Romantic Moments in History When Destiny Hung on a Woman's Love for Jewels—a Series of Thrilling New Stories of Love and Mystery in Many Lands and Many Ages

Imaginative Painting by Alexander Von Volborth of "The Destruction of Atlantis," When the Legendary Island Continent Was Overwhelmed by Earthquake and Flood and, Supposedly, Disappeared Beneath the Ocean.

"Two of the guards ran at her. Lady Zoar evaded their rush, whipped out her copper knife and flung herself straight at Arnim in a torrential passion of hate."

WOMAN'S often fatal love for jewels has been sung by poets. And grave historians have told how this strange passion has sometimes changed the course of history. Jewels, too, seem to love women—far more than men. The American Weekly suggested to Mr. Bedford-Jones, following his successful "Empires of the Moon," that he write another brilliant series of short stories upon this affinity between supposedly lifeless gem and very vital woman.

"Portals of Illusion" is the result. The haunted gems into which she peers are the gates of vision for the sensitive Tamyra, revealing to her memories—for some believe jewels possess memories—of their highest moments.

"Portals of Illusion" for Tamyra—but were they illusion?

No. 7—The Horizon Opens.

TAMYRA put out her hand to the Jeweler's arm.

"The woman at the next table! Look at her quickly!"

The Jeweler obeyed. He saw a quite ordinary woman seated alone, and turned back in some surprise to his companion. The delicate features of Tamyra were flushed, her blue eyes were glowing strangely, like stars ablaze in a deep night sky.

"What about her? Like any other woman in this lunch-room."

"No, no!" broke in Tamyra. Excitement was in her air, her voice, her fingers that tightened on the Jeweler's arm. "She's alone. Ask her to come here, to sit with us."

"Good lord, Tamyra! She's a perfect stranger. I can't do that."

"You must! Please, for me." Her voice was urgent. "She'll understand. She'll know we're the right kind. I think," she added, "it must be her necklace or its pendant."

With a helpless shrug, the Jeweler rose and approached the other table.

He was, obviously, a gentleman; and Tamyra, in her flower-like, fragile loveliness, would have attracted any eye. As the astonished woman glanced from one to the other, the Jeweler made desperate explanation.

"My niece, madame, is extremely sensitive to jewels. They affect her at times very powerfully, and in the most singular fashion. That is the only apology I can offer for her request, which I assure you I find most embarrassing. You are wearing, if I may say so," he slowly added, "one of the most extraordinary opals I ever saw, and I have seen many. I can only conjecture that Tamyra has caught some subtle emanation from that lovely stone. If you will pardon the effrontery of her invitation, and do us the honor to lunch with us—"

The woman broke into a good-natured laugh, picked up her fur, and rose.

"I understand perfectly; there's nothing to pardon," she said. "I seldom wear this opal in public, because sometimes it does have a strange effect upon people—or so I've fancied. Say no more. I'm only too glad to let the young lady examine it all she likes." She smiled. "And if she can tell where it came from, she'll be doing well!"

"I doubt if I could tell that, myself," the Jeweler replied. "I never saw a stone quite like it."

He accompanied her back to his own table. The guest displayed a rather amused poise; she shook hands with Tamyra, did not mention her name, and after seating herself took the heavy silk cord and its pendant jewel from her neck.

"Here, my dear; enjoy it at your leisure, and never mind silly conventionalities," she said comfortably. "You interest me. I'm not giving my name, so you can't guess where the opal came from. You can't possibly know anything about it."

Tamyra took the stone in her hands. It was a lump of irregular shape, oddly smoothed and rounded; and it positively radiated fire—a greenish fire of unearthly hue, like the blaze that comes from some bit of old seadrift. As she looked into it, she quivered.

"Atlantis!" she said under her breath. And again: "Atlantis!"

The uneasy Jeweler caught a startled expression in the eyes of their guest, and attempted to gloss over the undeniably strange manner of Tamyra, who was utterly rapt, utterly intent upon the glowing bit of silicon.

"I never saw an opal like it," he observed. "Oddly, it looks rather hard; I say oddly, because the opal is almost the most fragile jewel known. This isn't the black Australian gem; it's not a fire-opal; it's unlike the Hungarian variety. It looks as though it might be very ancient. In point of time, the opal is one of the oldest jewels known, being found in rock-cavities of the Cretaceous Age."

"The Queen of Atlantis," as Imagined by Ersemy Florio, Well-Known American Sculptor, Whose Work Has Received Medals From the National Academy of Design, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and Who Is Now Commissioner of Fine Arts at Museum of Yonkers, New York.

To Tamyra's ears, his voice died and faded away. Everything was gone from her and lost; everything except the lambent, ghastly yet flaming heart of the stone. Why had she uttered that word, Atlantis? She did not know; it had come to her, that was all. She knew only vaguely of the mythical lost continent, described in detail by Plato yet unknown to history—the land midway of the Atlantic, the happy, blessed cradle of humanity, whose colonists settled the Americas in one direction, the coasts of Africa and Spain in the other direction.

What a radiant glory the opal had! The tiny invisible cracks which serve an opal like the film of a soap-bubble, breaking the light into glowing iridescence, enlarged to her sight. The colors shifted, surrounding her in greenish fire, spreading about her until she yielded to the swooning ecstasy of the whirling opalescence. And suddenly, everything stood still—

A VISTA opened before her, a glimpse of green fields, blue sea, the sky. She, she herself was standing here; a wharf of huge stone blocks rudely fitted together ran out from the green fields and the town, out into the sea. She wore sandals and a tunic of lissome leather, pricked out with colored designs. A necklace of worked stone discs, emblems of the sun-god, emblems of royal Atlantis, was about her throat. Her hair, caught back by a garland of flowers, was a golden misty cloud in the sea breeze. A woman, a queen, yet a woman in desperate agony of heart and soul.

Those green fields rolling back to the hills were like none she had ever seen. Long reefs and islets beat back the sea. Fishing craft were slanting athwart the wind. Here at the wharf was a ship, just arrived, and two others were coming in. A small ship it was, like others building along the shore, held together with pegs and shrunken withes.

She motioned her guards, armed with flint-tipped spears and heavy double-bladed stone axes, to stay where they were, and walked out to where the man was talking with Captain Gadir, commodore of the fleet. They saluted her as she came up to them, but she had eyes only for the man.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "You are no man of Atlantis."

His eyes were bold, wide with admiration, sparkling and dancing with life.

"True, Lady Zoar," he said frankly. "Captain Gadir smuggled me in with his crew. I'm named Tubal, leader of the colony at Tartessos; my grandfather led the colonists who settled there. I came on a secret errand to have word with you."

"It is death for anyone who has left Atlantis to return," she said, and bent her golden brows on Captain Gadir. He, blunt and rugged, saluted her calmly.

"True, Lady Zoar; and death for me who brought him, if that be your pleasure. But, I beseech you, hear his message—and give me audience also, later in the day."

"You'd better," said Tubal, and white teeth gleamed through his curly brown beard. He was tall, widely built, wore the usual Atlantan robe of dressed leather; but his features were powerful, strangely serene, strangely gentled by laughter, yet touched with magnificent assurance. An impressive man. "You'd better! I bring your and our people a chance at greatness—"

"Be silent," she said bitterly. "The people of Atlantis are already the greatest upon this earth—and I'm the most powerless of them all. Gadir, you should have had more sense! You know that I, the queen, am a mere puppet with no hopes in life."

"That's why I ventured, Lady Zoar," said the rugged seaman. "Tubal is my supercargo; he's been certified as a citizen. Let me send him to you in half an hour."

She nodded. After all, Gadir was the one man in Atlantis whom she could trust.

"Send him," she said. "I'll be at the palace. There comes one of the council to give me orders."

She rejoined her guards, smiling and waving her hand to the greetings of the crowd who had come down from the city to see the ships in. These Atlantides were one hundred per cent patriots, intensely proud of what their fathers had done, arrogant in their heritage of wealth and power. They were a matriarchal race, ruled by a council of wise women, and Lady Zoar, who should have been their queen, was a pawn in the hands of these women.

One of them came now, searching the queen. An old woman, haughty, crafty, cruel of eye; the Lady Brae, chief of the council. She saluted Zoar, then held up a hand.

"Listen! Listen—you hear, Lady Zoar? The fire-god demands a response from you!"

A rumble shook the earth. Zoar, guards, seamen, crowds, all turned to the distant hills, far back from the town and palace and wharves, the faraway hill where the fire-god lived. Smoke was belching into the sky as usual, but black with bursts of ashes. Zoar glanced at it, then turned to Lady Brae.

"This is no time to discuss the matter, and no place," she said, repulsion and hatred and terror rising in her. The gimlet eye of the older woman searched her.

"Very well," she replied, her voice like a whiplash. "I'll come presently to the palace, and I demand an answer in the name of the council! The people must have an heir of the royal race, an heir of your body."

"By the help of your son Lord Arnim, eh?" Zoar said bitterly. "It seems the queen of Atlantis is taking orders today, not giving them."

"She is taking the advice of her council,

(Continued on Page 12)

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Good Sense to Marry Your Nurse If You're Old, Rich—or Sick

Dr. Laird Explains Why Millionaire Harold McCormick Is Probably Headed for Happiness With His Latest Bride —And Why If Catherine Parr Had Been Henry VIII's First Wife He Wouldn't Have Been a Bluebeard

Every Nurse, the Psychologist Explains, Appears to an Ailing Patient to Be an Angel of Mercy, and Probably Will Remain One After Matrimony.

Carl von Piloty's Painting of Henry VIII Condemning Anne Boleyn to Death. Had Catherine Parr, Who Had the Instincts of a Nurse, Been the Monarch's First Wife, His Life Might Have Been Full of Bliss Instead of Tragedy.

The Former Adah Wilson, the Attractive Nurse Who Recently Became the Bride of Millionaire Harold McCormick.

Catherine Parr, Last Wife of Henry VIII.

Senator William Gibbs McAdoo, Who Found Happiness With His Bride, a Former Nurse, With Whom He Is Shown Canoeing on His Honeymoon.

Harold McCormick, Whose Marriages With Edith Rockefeller and Ganna Walska Were Unsuccessful but Who Now Seems Destined for Happiness.

Mrs. Hugh Cabot, Jr., Wife of the Famous Social Leader, Who Was a Nurse When He Married Her.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

"NO fool like an old fool," whisper his friends when a man in his seventies hobbles out of the hospital and marries his young nurse. But statistics show that these rich old marriers of smart, young nurses are not fools because their marriages last and science now knows why.

Instead of picking a quarrel and scampering off with a fortune in alimony, as they easily could, and as everyone expects of them, most nurses stick and live happily with their husbands until death doth them part.

In recent years psychoanalysts have discovered that nurses really have something peculiar about them that is irresistible to many men, especially the wealthy, socially prominent type most sought after as husbands. Since this something is not born in them but acquired as a by-product of their training, it may be of interest to any young woman who wants to marry a millionaire or any wife who wants to hold her husband's affections.

When a wealthy, elderly socialite falls in love with a woman one-third his age, the chances are heavily against success. If in addition she is a country girl who until a short time before had never gotten closer to a millionaire than to see him whiz past the farm at 50 miles an hour, the social and financial gulfs further lengthen the odds until there is almost no chance of a happy marriage. But all this seems not to be true if she is a nurse, because then she has a unique advantage which apparently offsets all these handicaps and a little more.

To begin with, the public has a wrong idea of what goes on in the sick room of a rich patient. The general supposition has been that the poor old "moneybags" was already entering his dotage before he entered the hospital. There flat on his back, perhaps half out of his head with fever, the nurse was able to dominate the helpless old fellow, and make him think it a good idea to marry her as soon as he is strong enough to visit the marriage-license clerk. Courts constantly recognize "undue influence" when someone gets a person in his last illness to leave him a large legacy. Accordingly, the public reasons that it must be undue influence which makes a rich patient marry his nurse.

The true situation is as far from that as could be imagined. If the nurse has any romantic or gold-digging notions, these are knocked out of her head by a few well-chosen words of warning. She is told who the patient is and that if she pleases him it will be a feather in her cap and he may give the hospital enough to build that new wing or at least buy them a couple of pneumonia tents. On the other hand, if she annoys him he will fire her, which would be very sad for all concerned.

With this responsibility on her mind, she forgets to be a cute little "watchme" and goes to work with the grim determination that every move she makes must be above criticism, and it is this splendid efficiency which not only keeps the elderly heart beating but also wins it for her. For eight hours every day she has his undivided attention, an opportunity no other girl could get except on a yachting cruise—and yachts are proverbial engagement-breakers. Also it is the most exacting test a girl can face.

But she does not have the field to herself. A wealthy man, sick enough to be in the hospital, is almost certain to have a 24-hour private nurse service. In some hospitals this means three, working in eight-hour shifts. The night nurse who quits at 8 a. m. does not have so much to do with the patient, who sleeps most of her time, but, on the other hand, neither does she have to annoy him much. The morning nurse who takes her place has most of the contacts, also she bothers him no end. First she must prepare him for breakfast, and then she must persuade him to eat it and later his noon-day dinner. To get an old millionaire, who is used to good cooking, to eat a hospital meal is about as easy as inducing an old, sick lion to eat breakfast food.

After breakfast she must roll him around in bed, while she bathes him and then roll him again while she changes his bedding. Then comes a lot more benevolent despotism, preparing him for the big, dramatic moment of the day when the surgeon, the family doctor and perhaps half a dozen members of the hospital staff march in and look him over. This learned group orders a lot of new "hotherations" and marches majestically out, leaving the nurse to execute them on the patient.

This chief nuisance, however, is usually the very one the rich man falls for. He goes into the hospital worried, suspecting that there are two strikes on him, due to age, and less romantically-inclined than he ever was in his long life. Many of the nurse "victims," having been divorced once or twice, go in cynical, disillusioned and with an anti-gold-digger complex.

No undue influence less than a shotgun affects these gentlemen and yet how they do fall.

Psychoanalysts find the clue to this strange softening up of such hardboiled old gentlemen in the desire to be "mothered." Wives of rich and powerful men expect to be "fathered" to the extent of having every protection given and whim satisfied that is within the power of money or influence to achieve for them, but they are too busy with their own amusement to "mother" their husbands even if the idea should occur to them.

When the rich husband finally bows his wife out with a fat alimony check, he does not miss her but he may miss something else and not know what it is until a nurse reveals the mystery to him. A trained nurse is the scientific reincarnation of his mother but more efficient in her administrations. Her tender nursing revives subconscious memories of what is called the infantile pleasure-seeking stage of childhood.

For some men as they grow old, and even in younger days, this is indispensable to their happiness, but the strange thing is how rarely the young "mother" takes advantage of her power. A nurse's training seems to bring out the instinct of motherhood toward her elderly patient, preventing her, after marriage, from doing anything that would break the heart of her "old boy." It is not the love of flaming youth but nevertheless enduring and happy.

So things should look rosy for the marriage of rich, 66-year-old Harold McCormick of the International Harvester millions and Chicago and West Coast society, whose marriage to smiling 35-year-old Adah Wilson, a registered nurse, has just been announced. Millionaire McCormick has been married twice before, first to Edith Rockefeller, daughter of the Standard Oil crœsus, and his second wife was Ganna Walska, of grand opera and perfumery fame. This is nurse Wilson's first marriage.

It was when McCormick became seriously ill that Nurse Wilson came along to take care of him and apparently he knew right away that here was a splendid girl who should not be allowed to become an old maid. His two earlier fashionable marriages had convinced him that a wife must have a certain something to keep marriage from winding up in the divorce courts, as his two previous ventures had ended. And nurse Wilson had not been ministering to his ailments very long before he realized that it took a nurse to have that certain something. After two unsuccessful tries at marriage, the indications now are that rich Mr. McCormick's latest wedding to his nurse will give him the happiness in wedlock he has not previously found.

There is the case of the distinguished and wealthy Senator William Gibbs McAdoo, of California, who when he was in his seventies became enamoured of a pretty nurse 45 years his junior. There was a marriage, the statistical tables indicated, which was headed for the rocks, because of the tremendous differences in their ages. But public health nurse Doris Cross has made an ideal wife for McAdoo who was twice-married previously, his second wife being the daughter of President Woodrow Wilson.

But twice-married McAdoo apparently knew what he was about when he proposed marriage to trim Nurse Cross. Residents of Santa Barbara report that the McAdoos are sublimely happy, regardless of all differences in ages, wealth, and the social register.

Occasionally a wealthy or socially prominent man discovers that trained nurses make good wives long before he begins to grow old and has perhaps had two or three unsuccessful tries at matrimony. This happened in the case of young Hugh Cabot, Jr., of the famous Cabots of Boston, who married Miss Louise Melanson, who was a nurse in the hospital where his father was chief surgeon.

Henry VIII, much-married ruler of England, was one of those for whom a mothering wife was essential, according to Dr. J. C. Flugel, psychologist of University College, London, England. Had there been trained nurses in his day, and had he married one rather than frivolous, gold-digging Anne Boleyn, the tragic life of Henry would doubtless have been different and England might have had a different history. No doubt ailing old Henry was beginning to realize that what he needed was a "motherly" wife to nurse him when he finally married widowed Catherine Parr—but it was too late for happiness and he died not long afterwards.

Napoleon was another man of the type who particularly craves infantile pleasure-seeking, according to Dr. Boris Sokoloff in his recent book, "Napoleon, a Doctor's Biography," which was published by Prentice-Hall, in New York City. Although there were no trained nurses in Napoleon's day either, his first wife, Josephine, had been previously married and had learned how men are kept happy in marriage by little attentions to creature comfort, which are better than flattery or even good cooking. So even after Napoleon had reluctantly divorced Josephine for reasons of state he used to visit her and pass many of his happiest hours in the mansion which he had provided for her.

For men such as those just mentioned, the infantile pleasure-giving attentions of the skilled nurse are essential. But, it will be recalled, all men respond favorably to those whose chief concern is keeping them comfortable to the last degree.

That is why so many nurses become cynical about men, saying they are all just alike, and all little better than animals. And that is also why the serious supervisors of nurses in training teach their less sophisticated probationer pupil nurses how nonchalantly to administer a few light jolts at the right time to keep their men patients from having their physical sickness complicated by love-sickness.

Stenographers, especially those who sit in the boss' private office, with the title of private secretary rate close to the private nurse, in making happy marriages with elderly and wealthy men and for much the same reason. If the boss is of the "mother-missing" type, little physical discomforts upset him cruelly and the girl learns to have a spare handkerchief, cigarettes and perhaps even an extra shirt parked away to ease his panic when he suddenly needs any of those things.

When it is too hot, she turns on the fan but remembers to watch that he does not catch cold. She consoles him when things go wrong and butters him up with praise when a customer writes a mean letter, thus preventing him from consoling himself at "mother bar" on the next corner.

The yearning for someone to mother him sometimes tricks a man into making an entirely unsuitable marriage by wedding a "mother image," someone who looks just like his recollection of his mother but who disappoints by not mothering him at all. This is believed to be at the bottom of many crazy marriages between young people ultimately leading them into the divorce courts.

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Remarkable Similarity of New and Ancient Art

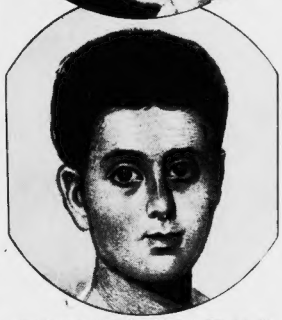
Interesting Comparisons by a Noted Expert Show Little Difference in Technique in What Modern Artists Are Doing Today and Samples of What the Old Masters Turned Out

Two Negro Heads That Might Have Been Posed by the Same Model and Done by the Same Artist, Yet They Were Made 300 Years Apart. On the Left Is the "Head of Paul Robeson," by Epstein, Modern English Sculptor; the Head on the Right Was Painted by Sir Anthony Van Dyck in 1615. The Robeson Head Is From the Collection of Carl Van Vechten.

These Two Portraits Are Not of the Same Young Woman Nor Were They Done by the Same Artist. The One Above Is a Marble Head by Francesco Laurana, 1470, and Was Finished Just 400 Years Before the Ingres "Madonna" on the Left.

The Same Timeless Spirit Is Shown in the Head by Andre Derain, Modern French Sculptor, as in the Fourteenth Century Head on the Right by an Unknown Florentine Artist.

There Isn't Much Similarity in These Two Statues, Yet the Same Gothic Spirit of Loneliness and Foreboding Lives in Each. The Artists Had the Same Conception When They Started Out Although One Was a Vancouver Indian and the Other Was Ernest Barlach, Who Finished His "Moses," Above, in 1920.



Paul Cezanne's Portrait of His Son's Friend in the Upper Circle Was Considered Revolutionary Art Fifty Years Ago, Yet It Doesn't Differ in Essentials From the Mummy Portrait of 2000 B. C. in the Lower Circle.

Picasso's "Guitar Player," of the Modern French School, Has the Same Striking Originality of Bernt Notke's "Head of a Dead Man," on the Left, Done in 1489. The Technique and Artistic Approach to the Subject Is the Same in Each Case.

SOME works of art have an immediate effect on anyone who sees them. The observer doesn't have to be an artist, or know anything about art, to appreciate an interesting picture or a piece of sculpture. The reason is that the best art, even though it may have been created centuries ago, has a lasting appeal and can be enjoyed today as much as it was the day it was created.

The striking fact of the timelessness of certain art has just been made the subject of a book by Ludwig Goldscheider, the noted art expert, who spent years collecting material to support this theory. The book is called "Art Without Epoch" and is published by the Oxford University Press, New York.

On this page several of Mr. Goldscheider's photos of ancient works of art have been compared with modern paintings and sculpture, and the fact which immediately strikes the observer is the similarity between the two. No attempt was made to match faces, for the same faces have always interested artists. It is the treatment of these faces which shows the timelessness of art and teaches art-lovers to distinguish between the short-lived and the immortal.

The two heads at the upper right corner of the page are almost exactly alike. The same model might have posed for each of them, although the artists lived and worked 400 years apart. The marble head on the right was chiseled by Francesco Laurana, in 1470. Yet it strikes one as being the face of a modern young girl. The artist has been careful not to over emphasize or "overdraw" the face. It is a simple, unaffected study. Jean Auguste Ingres felt, perhaps, the same way about his subject when he painted her face as a "Madonna" in the 1850's. Ingres probably knew something about the school of art with which Laurana was identified, but it is doubtful if he ever saw the marble head which has been in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, in Berlin, for hundreds of years.

The same motives led Ingres and Laurana to work in the same way, and the effect seems to be one of perennial appeal. The fact that each artist, despite the wide difference in the age in which they lived, produced similar results tends to prove that each has come upon something immortal in artistic creation.

This applies to the two heads at the upper left-hand corner of the page. One is the "Head of Paul Robeson," the noted concert singer, by Jacob Epstein, the English sculptor. The head is from the collection of Carl Van Vechten, and the other is a head by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, painted in 1615.

Epstein is one of the most advanced of living sculptors, yet his work doesn't differ, in this one instance, from Van Dyck's study. Although one is a painting, the other sculpture, each artist seems to have borrowed from the other. They have realized the same value of shadow, and the features are brought strongly into contrast because of it. It is remarkable that they should have treated the faces in the same way. Both are realistic and represent the model accurately. Although Van Dyck's picture was painted 300 years ago it has the same appeal as Epstein's head, a lasting appeal and immortality in style and form.

Compare these two heads with the two in the center of the page. One is a head in painted wood, a work by an unknown Florentine artist of the Fifteenth Century, now in the Louvre Museum, in Paris. The other is the "Head of a Young Woman," by Andre Derain, a modern French sculptor and painter. Each has a "Mona Lisa" quality, a quiet contemplative look from beneath lowered eyelids without the sardonic musing smile which makes Da Vinci's work unique. The tilt of the head, the contours of the face are exactly the same. It is not curious that these artists should have chosen the same faces, or nearly the same faces, with which to create a work of art, for both the faces have a timeless quality.

The two standing figures show how valid Mr. Goldscheider's theory of the timelessness of art is.

The first is a painted wooden figure of an Indian woman, from the island of Vancouver, Canada, done by a Kwakiutl Indian, and is in the Lindenmuseum, in Stuttgart. Concerning it Mr. Goldscheider quotes the statement of Herbert Kuhn, a distinguished art critic:

"This work seems quite inconceivable with its absorbing, gripping character. The figure stands before us, immersed in itself, aloof, self-sufficient. It contains a whole world within itself, and from it comes a voice of mature straightforward humanity. If artistic value is to be measured by the degree of the conquest of matter by spirit, then this work is art of the highest order. In this figure lives a Gothic spirit which the artist could never have experienced on earth, in it lives the tumult and foreboding of Ernest Barlach's lonely figures."

This statement has been quoted because it seems to apply equally well to Ernest Barlach's statue of Moses, completed in 1920, as Mr. Kuhn suggests. Unlike the other pictures on the page there is no similarity in the faces of the subjects. Yet the spirit of the two is the same and art-lovers would claim that for that reason each is immortal and will have the same appeal centuries from now.

Just as remarkable is the spirit in the next exhibit. In the upper circle is Paul Cezanne's portrait of his son's friend, painted fifty or sixty years ago, which does not differ in essentials from the portrait in the lower circle, which is a mummy portrait of a young boy dating from the Second Century A. D. Each artist has caught the youth of the model with broad, flat strokes of the brush and an underlining of the obvious features. Eyes, eyebrows, hair and mouth are vivid and life-like. The rest of the face seems to catch the sunlight pouring on it, and there is only the suggestion of a shadow on the side of the face away from the light. The faces are similar and the boys might be brothers. But it is startling to find that two artists with such different artistic heritages could paint in the same way and produce the same effect on the observer.

The two heads in the lower center of the page show the same spirit, caught by two artists living widely apart and influenced by different schools of art, yet with the same striking similarities. The first is Paul Picasso's "Guitar Player," of which the head only is shown. The second is a portrait of a dead man, by Bernt Notke, painted in 1489, and now in the Katharinenkirche, in Lubeck, Germany.

Each work has outstanding power and originality, although the conception and technical method of approach is the same. The Notke head is as much a part of our time as the Picasso head, painted 500 years later. And it is this fact which makes Mr. Goldscheider's book a valuable contribution to the study of art. Immortal art is always modern. Any work that can be appreciated by the art-lover today that appealed to art-lovers centuries ago is "Art Without Epoch," or art without time, and if modern art shows originality and yet similarity to these ancient forms, it, too, will probably become immortal.

In his interesting foreword, Mr. Goldscheider says: "The history of art has nothing to do with artistic experience. To try to understand something of a period and its circumstances is not the same as allowing oneself to be carried away by enthusiasm for any one movement in art.

"Many of the great monuments of art have been destroyed; others have been cast aside or still await discovery. Yet while some works vanish into darkness, others arise from their concealment. Excavations have brought new works to light, but even more productive has been the result of intellectual research, which has drawn our notice to works that for generations had remained forgotten or neglected in picture galleries."

In reality, the past changes as rapidly as the present, and it is the past as it appears to us today that Mr. Goldscheider has tried to reproduce in his excellent volume.

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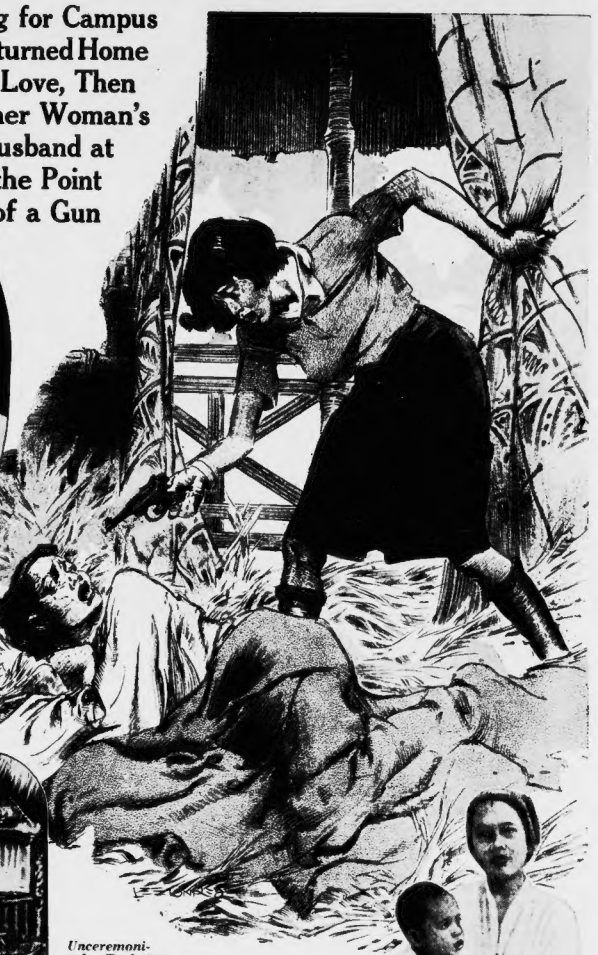
What Her U.S. College Education Didn't Do for the Sulu Princess

Pretty Tarhata Shed Her Sarong for Campus Clothes, Learned About Life, Returned Home to Claim the Throne, Fell in Love, Then Went Native and Stole Another Woman's Husband at the Point of a Gun

Flapper Princess Tarhata Kiram, Pretty Claimant to the Title of Sultana of Sulu, Who Went Native When They Wanted Her to Teach School After Acquiring an American Education.

The Scrapping Sultanas of Sulu—Princess Tarhata (on the left) and Her Plump Cousin, Putli Nurjam, the Dayang-Dayang, or Crown Princess, Taken Just Before They Started Squabbling Over the Throne Once Occupied by Their Uncle, Who Had 800 Wives But Left No Child of Royal Birth to Succeed Him.

Where Tarhata Moved In—the House of Tahil From Which the Princess Drove His Third Wife.



Unceremoniously, Tarhata Stalked Into Tahil's Hut, Where the Handsome Native's Wife and Baby Were Sleeping. Awaking Corona, She Pointed a Modern Pistol at Her, Exclaiming: "I'm his wife, now. Take your child and get out."

The Deserted Corona and Her Baby.

MANILA, July 1.

WHEN George Ade wrote his funny musical comedy, "The Sultan of Sulu," right after the Spanish-American War, he missed a great chance to make it even funnier. That was because the author couldn't look into the future. If he had been able to do that, he could have written some really side-splitting comedy by making his heroine a Filipino princess who had been a co-ed at an American university and then returned to her smiling little isle to shock the natives with her bobbed hair, rolled stockings, cigarette-smoking and a lot of modern ideas about love, marriage and other forms of warfare.

That is exactly what has happened in real life and the little brown co-ed who did it is the niece of the very same Sultan who was so amusingly satirized about forty years ago in Mr. Ade's popular musical comedy. She is the Sultana Tarhata Kiram and right now she and the fat but fiery Sultana Putli Nurjam, another niece of the late Sultan Padukka Mahasari Manukana Hadji Mohammed Jamalul Kiram II, are making life in Sulu even more of a comic opera than Mr. Ade ever imagined it could be.

Each insists that she is the rightful heir to the throne, the one and only Sultana of Sulu. They started battling over this honor some years ago, while their royal uncle was still alive, and the feminine tricks they keep right on pulling on each other—some of them none too ladylike, at that—are providing a ready-made plot, for somebody. All it needs to make it perfect is a happy ending.

As an experiment and, in the words of the American Governor of Sulu, "an inspiration to other bright Moro maidens," the Princess Tarhata was sent to the United States in 1922 to be educated at the University of Illinois. While adorning the campus, she undoubtedly picked up a lot of valuable knowledge—but, unfortunately, she didn't get enough of it out of her books to pass her examinations at the end of her sophomore year. So she had to return to Sulu—and the kind of inspiration she turned out to be has had a strong tendency toward discouraging any repetition of this interesting experiment.

As with all good comic operas, the comedy of the Scrapping Sultanas of Sulu bursts forth with a chorus in bright but funny costumes. These were the belles of Sulu, swaddled in their native sarongs, who went to meet the steamer which was bringing Tarhata back to Jolo, capital of Sulu.

Naturally, these Moro maidens were all excited. In her letters, Tarhata had told about all sorts of wonderful things, such as fox-trotting with Red Grange, the famous football star, and being initiated into a Greek letter sorority and various other blessings of civilization, including dill pickles and chocolate ice cream sodas. So their big brown eyes got bigger than ever when they saw her come tripping down the gangplank in high-heeled shoes, rolled stockings and knee-length skirts.

On top of that, she was puffing a cigarette — but what practically stunned them was her bobbed hair. Scissors were scarce in Sulu but there were plenty of bolos in Jolo—and in an emergency these sharp knives served very well.

So by nightfall nearly all the young girls in the capital had bobbed their hair and whacked away at their native garments till they looked something like knee-length skirts. As for rolling their stockings, they couldn't do that because they didn't wear any.

All of this upset the Sultan, who was a conservative man, in some respects—but he wasn't anywhere near as alarmed as his other favorite niece, the robust Princess Putli Nurjam. The Sultan had 800 wives, yet for some reason which has never been explained, he had no children—at least, none who was royal enough to succeed him on the throne. Because of that, Putli Nurjam, being his eldest niece, was considered his heir and was called Dayang-Dayang, or Crown Princess.

But here was this snip of a cousin, whose claim to the throne was also good, winning all sorts of popularity with her short hair and short skirts.

So the Dayang-Dayang convinced her uncle that the best way to clip the wings of this flapper Princess before she flew too high was by making a school teacher out of her. Naturally enough, after two years of freedom at the university this irksome job made Tarhata rebellious, but she didn't know what to do about it until the love interest entered the plot.

That happened one afternoon when Tarhata strolled into the royal palace and discovered Cousin Putli entertaining Tahil Jokaiman, who was a "datu," or married man. For some years Putli had been too busy helping the Sultan with affairs of state to bother about getting married herself, but she had a number of admirers and Tahil was her favorite. So it may be that out of spite Tarhata merely wanted to steal her cousin's beau. On the other hand, Tahil was taller than the average Moro and all the girls in Jolo thought he was mighty good-looking.

He had served a term in the San Ramos prison for inciting the insurrection of 1911, but Tarhata didn't mind that. Since she felt rebellious herself, it only made him all the more interesting. Nor was she disturbed by the fact that he had just recently taken his third wife, who was named Corona and happened to be one of her childhood friends. From what the little brown co-ed had learned in the United States, she saw no reason why that should stop her.

So Tarhata walked right out from her teaching job. Then she took a revolver, stalked to the edge of the jungle where Tahil lived, climbed up the bamboo ladder into his thatched house and divorced him from Corona in a very simple but effective manner.

"Get out of here," she said, pointing the pistol at the terrified wife, who lay on a straw mat, half covered by bed clothing. "I'll give you five minutes to put on your sarong, pick up your baby and go back to your father. I'm Tahil's wife from now on—and his only wife."

After that, Tarhata threw away her college clothes, started wearing homespun sarongs, filed her teeth to points, native fashion, and began chewing betel-nut instead of smoking cigarettes.

Of course, Putli was furious with her cousin for stealing her beau and she lost no time in making the most of Tarhata's disgrace. At her insistence, the Sultan cut his erring niece from the pension list. On top of that, Corona's angry father stopped the allowance he had been paying Tahil, leaving him with no source of income.

So Tarhata and Tahil were not happy in their jungle love-nest. But they were not discontented with each other. They blamed "conditions," such as high taxes, and after struggling along for several years on almost nothing, they worked up another insurrection against the Government. With about 200 followers, they went whooping and yelling around the island, helping themselves to whatever they wanted—and this put the army in a difficult position.

The soldiers were afraid to engage the rebels in a pitched battle because if they did, somebody might accidentally shoot Tarhata and nobody wanted to be responsible for killing the Sultan's niece. So the soldiers just skirmished around the jungle for days in regular comic opera fashion, shooting into the air most of the time, till they finally got the rebels rounded up.

Tahil was sent to prison for ten years and, considerably subdued, Tarhata moved into a tumbled-down old shack that had once been a moving picture theatre, and there her baby was born. With Tahil in prison and Tarhata apparently permanently out of favor with the uncle, the Dayang-Dayang felt sure that she had nothing more to worry about—but she was wrong.

Impetuous little Tarhata was merely biding her time and a few years later her chance to stage a comeback came from an unexpected quarter. The Sultan was appointed to the Philippine Senate. He couldn't speak any English, so as soon as Tarhata heard of his appointment she wormed her away back into his good graces and convinced him that she was just the person to go with him to Manila, as his interpreter, secretary and adviser.

Obviously enough, Putli couldn't handle such a job because she only spoke Arabic and Moro and didn't know a thing on earth about the ways of Americans.

Soon after that, Tarhata stole another march on her cousin by drawing up an imposing legal petition in the name of her uncle, asking the British Government to restore his ancestral estates in Borneo. This land, about 45,000 square miles, had been leased to the British North Borneo Trading Company by the Sultan's father for 6,000 Singapore dollars a year and a twenty-one gun salute. For years Putli had been trying to get her uncle to repudiate the lease — so when she heard that Tarhata had finally persuaded him to do something about it, she was as mad as a hornet. But what made her maddest was that her rival knew how to draw up a legal document.

In fact, that preyed on her mind so much that she unexpectedly did something that astonished everybody. She was 48 year old—too old to go to college or study law. So she hit on a much simpler and quicker way of acquiring a legal "background." After having stubbornly refused to get married for years, she suddenly married a young law student from the University of the Philippines, named Ambra Alemabangsa, who was only half her age.

This bitter rivalry between the Sultan's two nieces continued right on through his declining days and when he died about two years ago the situation became more muddled than ever. The Dayang-Dayang promptly proclaimed herself Sultana and at the same time the Sultan's only surviving brother, the ageing Rajah Muda, gathered around him all the opposition, including Princess Tarhata and her followers, and announced that he was going to be the ruler of Sulu.

But before the Rajah Muda had a chance to demonstrate his ability as a ruler, he died, rather unexpectedly. In that crisis, all the Moros who were opposed to Putli turned to Mohammed Jainal Abiren, a wealthy Sulu nobleman, who graciously accepted their kind support and proclaimed himself Sultan. Since his wife was a commoner and therefore could not be the Sultana, he conferred that title on the Princess Tarhata, announcing that she would be his official hostess.

So Sulu now has two Sultanas and they are still scrapping with each other, worse than ever. The other day Tarhata got mad at some of Putli's loyal supporters and took out after them with a band of her own retainers, chasing them into the jungle and punishing them. No one knows what is going to happen next or how it will all end, but to be in keeping with comic opera tradition, perhaps the grand finale should be the landing of the Marines with flags waving and brass band playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

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Unhappy Adventures of a S

Mlle. Rahna, Famous Dancer of The Paris Opera, Re

Scenes of the Trials, Temptations, Follies

Beset Women Who Seek a Career

LIFE is no bed of roses for the stage danc
sel, whose gyrations win the applaus
exposes herself to tuberculosis in the
of the dressing rooms: to pneumonia in d
the danger of twisted ankles from stray ro
from falling blocks, of electrocution from l

To triumph, a danseuse must have in
say nothing of talent. She has to defend
whole world, and, most of all, against herse
are always open to her. The right doors of

The more successful she is, the more
among members of her calling. Hatred l
wings. Rivals from cabals, engaging in an u
less warfare which imperils her fame and
she be without powerful protectors. She i
foes with the weapons of intrigue, treachery

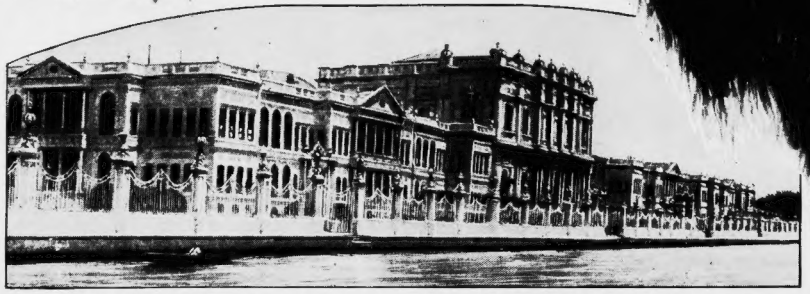
Ah, why does she ever try to please the c
Feted today, she may be forgotten tomorrow
to abicate. To step down and out—that is
rarely performs with grace, even though she
of a Taglioni.

Barred Windows of the Pasha's Seraglio Overlooking the Bosphorus, That Unpleasant River Always Reminding the Harem Women of the Fate That Awaited Them If They Incurred the Pasha's Displeasure.

"'Mademoiselle,' said the Nubian with a twist of his mutilated upper lip meant for a smile, 'my master begs the pleasure of your company at breakfast. I hope you will accept this gift as a token of his esteem.' He handed me the casket which contained a magnificent diamond necklace.

"Furious at being tricked out of a night's rest, I exclaimed:

"'Inform your master that I wish to leave here immediately. As for his present, this is what I think of it,' and I threw the casket on the floor.'



The Pasha's Old Palace on the Brink of the River, Where Mlle. Rahna Was Practically a Captive Overnight and From Which the French Consul Finally Succeeded in Rescuing Her.

By MADEMOISELLE MARCELLE RAHNA

CHAPTER III.

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(Continued From Last Sunday)

A DANCING GIRL, who goes on foreign tours, must watch her step. The frail creature is apt to fall ill, because of a change in climate, food or drink; to fall in love with some exotic-looking scamp, who breaks her heart; to fall out with her manager, which means a broken contract; or to fall into the clutches of white-slave traffickers.

I escaped these perils, while appearing at Constantinople some years ago, only to fall into a trap set by a rich Turkish Pasha, for whom I danced. This unspeakable Turk detained me in the harem of his palace against my will, along with his 300 moon-faced charmers.

Following my marriage to the son of General Robin, I had quit the footlights, believing that an actress who weds should divorce herself from the public. My husband showed his affection by paying 250,000 francs indemnity to the manager of the Concert Mayol to cancel my engagement, but his ardor cooled quickly, and within a year we separated.

Eager to return to my old love, the stage, I prepared to sign up with a revue at the Ambassadeurs, when a functionary acquaintance of mine asked if I would be willing to dance at an official "Franco-Turk" fete to be given at the French Embassy in Constantinople. The prospect of visiting the famed City of the Golden Horn thrilled me, and I accepted the offer. At the request of Count Vitali, director of the Turkish Railways and a close friend of the Pasha, I also agreed to caper in the Pasha's palace.

I went direct from Paris to Constantinople on the Simplon-Orient Express, with my pet dog, maid-servant and 18 valises.

The ball was a brilliant affair, with bejewelled women, officers ablaze with medals, and diplomats wearing sparkling orders, stars and crosses. The guests glittered, too, with beads of sweat, for the place was torrid as a Turkish bath.

One morning, a week before my scheduled dance at the Pasha's, I received a call from his chief eunuch, Haroun—a pock-marked Nubian with a split upper lip. He conveyed his master's compliments, together with an invitation to visit the palace and give a dancing lesson to twelve native girls who were to take part in the fete a week later.

After a drive through streets swarming with men in red fezzes and women in black nose-bags, we came to the shores of the Sweet Waters and stopped before a barbaric edifice of wood and marble, with all sorts of strange ornaments on the gates and railings, and a long row of barred, filigreed windows.

First of all, I was conducted to a spacious apartment furnished with enough cushions, carpets, divans and Oriental bric-a-brac to stock a bazaar.

A sallow-faced lad appeared, bringing me a chibouk, or Turkish pipe, on a salver. Then the coffee-bearer came in, and from a tiny cup I sipped a beverage black as night, bitter as death and hot as Sheol.

After that, Haroun told me that the Pasha had given orders that I be allowed to see the harem, a permission rarely granted strangers. Concealing my delight at the news, I followed the eunuch, passing through several vast rooms and a pillared court till we came to a damask portiere, in front of which lolled half-a-dozen attendants. At a word from my guide, one of them pushed aside the curtain, and we entered the harem.

It was meal-time, and the master's favorites were greedily devouring dainties brought to them on silver dishes by a small army of servants. The Pasha evidently had a French cook, for I noticed some of the ladies were sampling pates of truffles and "timbales a la chasseur." Near me, a damsel of exuberant outline was attacking a plate of cream-puffs, while her companion—equally rotund—imbibed a sherbet flavored with candied citron peel. Tables were piled high with fruits and sweetmeats. A mixed odor of grease, tobacco and the mocha berry pervaded the air.

Frankly, I felt disenchanted, like the heroines of Pierre Loti's Stamboul romance. The inmates of this harem were well-provided with food, but not with good looks.

No miracles of loveliness met my eyes. I did not see a single girl who possessed a form "waving like the tamarisk when the soft wind blows from the hills of Nijd." Instead, they had the figure of a roly-poly pudding, which is due, no doubt, to the fact they take no exercise and stuff themselves with tarts from morning till night.

In color and texture, the epidermis of these sultanas resembled coarse, brown, greasy wrapping paper—the kind used in butchers' shops. The ladies' lips, if not enchanting, were at least sweet, being smeared all day long with honey, syrups and candy.

In the seclusion of their chambers—atrociously perfumed with musk—I peeped at prodigies of corpulence who were painting their faces or reddening with henna the tips of their fingers. They took their time about it, for big bodies move slowly, and because four or five hours is not considered too long for beautifying purposes. Some sat cross-legged on cushions, leisurely sucking away at narghiles, nibbling honey cakes, munching pistachio nuts, or fanning themselves with peacock fans. Others stretched themselves at ease on sofas, adjusting the sequins in their hair, languidly sipping coffee, playing the dulcimer, singing to themselves in a minor key, or reading the Koran without understanding it.

According to the poet, the voice of the nightingale "never is mute" in this land of the sun, and the same might be said of the voices of the harem sirens. Gossiping, next to gourmandizing, seems to be their chief pastime, and they chatter like magpies. Unable to comprehend their voluble twitter, I asked Haroun what they were talking about. He replied that my appearance among them had created no little sensation, that he had heard one bulky beauty remark that I looked thin as a dragon-fly. In the East, where the fairest are the fattest, I was naturally regarded as being unattractive with my slender figure. But the eunuch told me not to feel hurt, declaring the women here didn't dislike me more than they did each other.

"They can only hate," he said, "and pass much of their time in recrimination."

As it was growing late, Haroun led me to another part of the palace, where he introduced me to the troupe of 12 Turkish dancers whom the Pasha wanted me to drill after the French fashion. Pretty, though rather plump, they showed an aptitude for dancing that surprised me. I spent three hours teaching them fancy steps, and then, after a collation of cakes, cherries and nuts, was driven back to the Pera hotel.

The day of the fete arrived. I was taken again by auto to the palace, where I capered and twirled to the best of my ability before a motley assembly, including state functionaries from France, Egypt, Syria and Turkey. The twelve danseuses were wildly applauded for their French number.

Mlle. Rahna in the Smoothe Costume Which She Wor Trouble With the Police ing No Clothes At

Stage Star—

veals Secrets Behind the s and Tragedies Which in the Theatre

er. The supple dame of the front rows, poisoned atmosphere aughty corridors: to pes, of broken bones ve-wires.

domitable energy, to herself against the f. The wrong doors en closed.

enemies she makes es ambushed in the nderhand and merci- ortune, especially if forced to fight her and slander

rowd—it is so fickle! and how bitter it is "step" the corvphee possesses the genius

—*Rahna.*

"One summer night at the Pavillon d'Armenonville I made a wager with Madame de Santry, the painter, that she would not take a champagne bath in front of the guests in her velvet dinner gown. I lost because she immediately ordered the maitre d'hotel to empty the water from a big marble basin full of goldfish in the middle of the supper room and to pour into it 100 bottles of champagne. When this was done, Madame de Santry, in her splendid robe, dived into the sparkling liquid, and disported herself as if she were another Blanche d'Antigny—the courtesan—who bathed daily in 200 bottles of champagne in her Paris apartment."

Sappho, the Greek Girl, Who Was Not So Lucky as Mlle. Rahna and Who Was Torn From Her Fiance's Arms and Made a Prisoner in the Harem.

Alphonso, Dethroned King of Spain, Whose Numerous Bodyguards Interfered With His Gaiety With Rahna's Pleasure-Loving Friends in Paris.

ring Feather
After Her
Over Wear-
All.

At the close of the soiree, after exchanging compliments and civilities with the departing dignitaries, I informed Haroun that I was ready to go to my hotel. With profuse apologies the chief eunuch explained that by mistake my car had been put at the disposal of a rich Egyptian couple, that no other autos were available at this late hour, and proposed that I pass the rest of the night at the palace, promising to accompany me to my hotel the first thing in the morning. What else could I do but accept? It was 2 a. m. and more than an hour's ride to the hotel. There were no taxis in this part of the city, and I could not go by foot, for I did not know the way.

So Haroun showed me to a sumptuously-appointed bedroom, and I told him to be sure and call me early. After he left, my first care was to lock the door, yet what was my consternation to find that the door was without lock or bolt. Seized with fright, I wanted to cry for help, but quickly gained control of myself by reasoning that I certainly had nothing to fear, as I was a guest of the Pasha. Nevertheless, I did not undress. I lay down on a rose-colored divan in my ball-robe, closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

At dawn I rang, but no one answered. A little later, I rang again, and this time Haroun appeared. I ordered him to find a car for me at once, declaring I did not intend to impose further on the generosity of his master. He bowed and departed, returning in a few minutes with a silver jewel casket encrusted with precious stones

"Mademoiselle," said the Nubian, with a twist of his mutilated upper lip meant for a smile, "my master begs the pleasure of your company at breakfast, and hopes you will accept this gift as a slight token of his esteem." He handed me the casket, which contained a magnificent diamond necklace. But I was in no receptive mood.

"Inform your master that I wish to leave here immediately. As for his present, this is what I think of it," and I threw the casket on the floor.

The eunuch calmly picked up the casket and jewels, bowed and left without a word. I was not so calm. After waiting impatiently for a reply, I flew into a rage, cried out at the top of my voice, and began breaking everything that came within my reach—vases, mirrors, furniture. When I had made a complete wreck of the chamber, Haroun came back and beckoned me to follow him, saying His Highness desired to speak to me.

I went at once, glad to have the opportunity of giving this Turkish potentate a piece of my mind. Threading a labyrinth of corridors, we reached at last a large apartment, the floor of which was covered with white bearskins. Here the Pasha, seated on a low divan, with his bare feet thrust into Morocco slippers, and a red fez bound with the finest of white cambric on his head, received me. He had a handsome, well-bred face, of a French cast; bright eyes with black rings around them, and cheeks pale and hollow—the picture of debauch and ennui. When I entered the room, he was smoking hasheesh, a soul-benumbing stuff. Addressing me, he asked, with a sickly smile

"Why are you so displeased, *my dear* child? Are you not content here? My palace is yours, if you will be my wife."

"No thank you," I answered, "I am not anxious to be your three-hundred-and-first wife. Wedlock means padlock here, your palace is a prison. To pass my life on a sofa, like a ridiculous doll, is not my idea of happiness. I was not born for idleness and repose. All I ask is to be given my liberty, and neither your treasures nor tortures can subdue me. I would rather die."

The Grand Seigneur seemed nonplussed at my bold speech and commanded Haroun to conduct me to my room. As I started to go, he said:

"I shall await your final decision tonight, Mademoiselle. No doubt by that time you will have had time to calm down and reconsider my proposal."

Back again in my room, I threw myself on the bed and cried like a baby. I could not see why the Pasha, who had a wife for about every day in the year, wanted me to marry him. Was he bored with his buxom belles?

Then I recalled the terrible dramas which had occurred in harems. Was I doomed to be sewed in a sack, dropped through a trapdoor and plunged into the Bosphorus, like many a luckless odalisk? The story of the slave girl, who refused a Sultan's caresses, came to mind: Burning charcoal was put on her bare stomach, while the Chief of the Faithful tranquilly drank coffee that had been heated on this strange grate.

Also I had a very vivid recollection of the published accounts of a pretty Greek girl named Sappho, who had fallen under the eye of the Sultan. At his orders, his eunuchs snatched her away from her fiance's arms and brought her to the royal harem. But she managed to escape, was pursued and killed herself, preferring death to return to the harem.

Frantic with fear, I thought of jumping from the window, but the way was barred by a grilled casement. Moreover, I noticed that the garden below was full of guards. While I stood at the lattice, gazing at the Sweet Waters, bitterly lamenting my fate, and wondering what would become of me, I felt a hand placed on my shoulder. With a scream, I turned around, imagining the Pasha had sent a servant to decapitate me. Instead of an executioner, I beheld a young girl, who looked to be about fifteen years of age.

In broken French she said that she would help me escape, providing I would render her a service in return. I promised everything she wished, and the girl continued:

"Be quick and write a note for your ambassador, asking him to come here and release you himself, as this is the only way you will ever leave the place. I know a trustworthy servant who will bear the message today. In the meantime, take this letter of mine, hide it and carry it in person to the address on the envelope. Read the epistle if you want to, but don't fail to deliver it, as my life and happiness depend on it."

I took her missive, concealing it in my corsage, hurriedly scribbled a line to the French Ambassador, which I gave to her, and she disappeared. The sun was high in the heavens when my benefactress departed, and I judged it was noon (I had no watch with me, and there was no clock in the apartment). During the next few hours the waiting—the horrible waiting—seemed to wear out my heart, and when it grew dark I began to despair.

Suddenly I heard an auto drive up in the courtyard. About fifteen minutes later, the chief eunuch entered the room, saying someone had come to conduct me to my hotel. To my great joy I found the French Ambassador in the car, and I discovered afterwards that he had only succeeded in obtaining my release by telling the Pasha my incarceration would lead to a "diplomatic incident."

After a well-earned sleep at my hotel, I read the letter confided to me by my girl saviour. It was addressed to a young Turkish attache at the legation whom she loved before being sold by her family, in a forced marriage, to the Pasha. She closed the epistle with the wish he would soon liberate her, as she no longer had the courage to live away from the sweetheart of her childhood.

I took the letter to the address indicated, and was pleased to know later that the fair captive

(Continued on Page 14)

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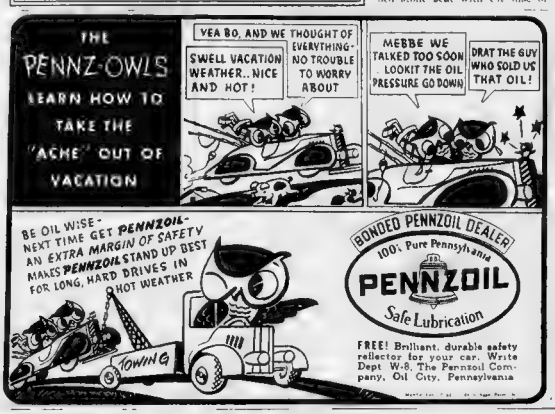
THE PENNZ-OWLS LEARN HOW TO TAKE THE "ACHE" OUT OF VACATION
YEA BO, AND WE THOUGHT OF SWELL VACATION WEATHER..NICE AND HOT!
EVERYTHING-NO TROUBLE TO WORRY ABOUT
MEBBE WE TALKED TOO SOON LOOKIT THE OIL PRESSURE GO DOWN
DRAT THE GUY WHO SOLD US THAT OIL!
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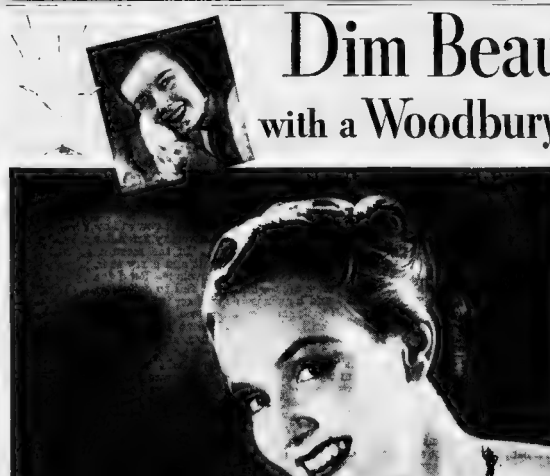
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12

PORTALS OF ILLUSION

—By—
H. BEDFORD-JONES

(Continued from Page 6)

if she is wise," said Lady Brae, and upon this caustic threat, departed.

Zoar turned back to the palace, but the bright sunlight of the morning was darkened for her. She had no way to turn. She was helpless, helpless! Three years she had been queen, with things going from bad to worse—a few of the wealthiest families had seized the power during her minority, and filled with her as their puppet. She had struggled to assert herself, but her barriers had crumbled. The best men in Atlantis had emigrated to the colonies, and the old country had gone sour. Zoar stood alone, and gradually the net had closed about her until now they were ready to crush her.

How she had struggled! She had tried to keep alive the old faith of the sun-god and had failed; the people had turned to the worship of the fire-god. A fine people enterprising and wealthy yet time had stopped still for them, with prosperity. The blessed land, the lovely sweep of gentle rises toward the hills and the far fire-god, the springing grain, multitudes, its commerce and trade, swelled the girl's heart. Yet today, between the powerful families and uncounted serfs, ruin threatened everything.

She came to the palace, a crudely comfortable old place built a hundred years ago and charming in its antique suggestion of vast caverns. She ordered the guards to send in the supercargo Tubal when he came, and went to the pleasant vine-draped court that overlooked the town and the sea. And here, presently came Tubal.

Zoar was perched in the padded stone seat with the disc of

An Old Drawing of an Extremely Ancient Greek Painting Showing Poseidon, God of the Sea. According to Plato, Poseidon Was Also the Chief God of the Vanished Atlantis.

the sun-god carved about it. Tubal saluted her, and his brown eyes were dancing, he kicked a hide cushion close to her, and made himself comfortable.

"Dry land certainly feels good after a week of washing around," he observed. "Give me the solid earth under my feet every time! I'm no seaman."

"Your ancestors were," said Zoar, studying him. He laughed.

"That's the trouble: they stuck to it too long. Atlantis is too old, too settled, too prosperous and anarhing at itself. What it needs is a great nat onal calamity."

"You talk like a madman!"

"No, it's pure wisdom," said he cheerfully. "Lady Zoar, we've heard a lot about you over in Tartessos. The stories are true: you're the most beautiful thing in the world. I've dreamed of you, and the dreams have come true. You have brains, they go with your kind of beauty: that's what makes you so damned lovely. a man could go to Hell for you and like it!" His eyes were shining as he looked at her. "Why are the colonies growing." He cause they have to fight to keep the barbarians from their throat. Why is ancient Atlantis gone to seed" Because it has nothing to fight for. It's nearly a hundred years since the great Civil War that wrecked the nation never since then has Atlantis had a cause. It's abandoned the old religion."

"I haven't," she said, and touched the carven disca at her throat. He nodded.

"We know that. Where there is no cause, the people perish. Your people here have nothing to fight and suffer for, except wealth they squabble over that like dogs. I know your troubles. You're the last of the royal line. Your power is a mockery, you've fought a hard fight and you're going under. There's not a man here you can trust. The council of women have you under their thumbs. Well, we have a council of women in Tartessos, too, but we keep them where they belong, you bet! Now let's get down to business."

From beneath his robe he took something wrapped in skin, and a long knife of gleaming, shining metal. She stared at this in wonder, for all metal was strange to the stone people. Suddenly her breath came more quickly, and her hand closed on the copper knife. "What a weapon it would make!"

"Right!" Tubal laughed at her eager look. "Near Tartessos, we dig this stuff out of the ground, and the fire-god is our slave, he works for us. Such weapons will make your stone knives and spears look sick! Ah, listen!"

A rumbling sound grew, shook the ground, and passed. Somewhere in the palace was a crash of pottery. Tubal chuckled.

"You see? The fire-god knows my voice. Suppose your people had spears tipped with this stuff, swords made of it? They'd be masters of the world. Well, your people haven't, but my people have. Tartessos is going to throw off the yoke of Atlantis, no more tribute, no more slaves. We're free of the old country! But we want you, Lady Zoar. Come to us, bring the emblems of the sun-god with you, the royal emblems of Atlantis! We want you. I want you, by heaven! Leave Atlantis and come to us, as queen."

Her blue eyes dilated. "Why, you must be insane!" she gasped. "I couldn't—it would be impossible! They wouldn't let me go."

"Of course they wouldn't," said he. "That's why I came for you. I dreamed about you, and the dream has come true. I want you for life, you and I together can sweep the world! I'll share life, fortune, power, the whole future, with you! I'm worthy of you, and you're the one woman on earth for me. Here," and he thrust the skin-wrapped object at her. "Take this; my gift. Think of me and what I offer. I'll see you later today."

He reached forward, caught her up in his arms, looked into her face—then released her and strode off and away. And when he had gone the whole world seemed empty.

She relaxed, looking down at the long copper knife. What a weapon! Instantly she comprehended. Tubal had discovered something better than stone. Adept as the Atlantides were in stonecraft, cunning in work of flint and granite and bone tools, this new metal might open new vistas and horizons. Tartessos wanted her! The wonder of it shook her; a twin marvel. This metal, and the offer from Tartessos.

Then, as the skin covering fell from the object in her hand, she forgot everything. An opal lay in her palm. She knew what it was; such stones had been found in quarrying rock. Several of them were in the palace now. But never such a gem as this!

It was filled with a greenish flame, alive and leaping in the sunlight. Zoar stared at it with fascinated interest, with amazement, desire of it, joy of it, struck into her. She had been stunned by Tubal's offer, by the prospect of escape from a hopeless destiny; now she was wakened by the radiant stone.

A strange personality in the gem impressed her. It seemed to possess the quality of speed, of quickness—perhaps some effect of its odd light-dispersion. She began to feel that it was seeping up her brain, getting control over her, lending rapidity to her thought-impulses, as though she had been drinking heady purple wine. With an effort, she put her hand over the glorious thing. She wanted to think again of what Tubal had said, and to think clearly.

The knife in her hand—ah! How different from the stones that hung at her throat! They were sacred, the highest type of art her people knew; they represented the old cult of the sun-god, and only the ruler of Atlantis could wear them. Yet how flat and lifeless they seemed how shabby artistic, beside this gleaming copper!

Her thoughts drifted. The great old worship of the sun-god had almost vanished in recent years. The people had turned to the fire-god, the molten flame living within that smoking hill, at whose voice the earth shook. She herself was nearly alone in the old faith, it had not helped her, and her despair had deepened. But now, now! The colonists wanted the sacred emblems, they wanted her, it was useless, of course, because she could not leave Atlantis. But it showed that perhaps the sun-god was trying to help.

Her people had changed within these past sleek decades. Tubal was right. They had lost the ruggedness of a hundred years back. Their most vigorous spirits had gone overseas, westward to the Antillean country, where by all accounts they were building up an empire. Some eastward to Iberia to the colonies of Tartessos and Africa.

"And we here have no cause," she murmured, clutching the opal. "We squabble over our wealth. The only people in Atlantis who have a cause are the serfs and slaves who want to overturn the government, destroy our institutions, and take everything for themselves. They have a cause—that's why they've grown strong of late years. We have everything to fight for, but we don't realize it. We have hysterical mobs and queer frenzies that grip the nation in some silly craze, but we have no cause. A great national calamity, eh? That man knows his business. But he can't help me. No one can help me."

She turned to the opal again, studied it, let herself be swept away by its attraction. What a man this Tubal was! He had her own urge to greater things. A smile touched her lips, her eyes kindled, her breath came quickly and more quickly, as she glimpsed the vision he had offered her.

A new horizon, a new kingdom! Her people armed with new weapons to a surge of conquest. People united behind her, this man Tubal at her side—ah! How different he was from the urbane, self-satisfied men here!

With sharp wakening to reality she thrust the opal and the knife from sight. Voices were at hand. A guard appeared. Lady Brae and two others of the council. Zoar nodded, and the three women walked in upon her with a respectful salute that their eyes belied.

"Lady Zoar, the fire-god is angry," said Brae obviously.

(Continued on Page 14)

WINNERS

in Gold Medal Flour's "Cake-Naming" Contest!

Did you enter the Gold Medal Flour cake-naming contest announced in the American Weekly on Feb. 8? Here are the principal winners in this great contest:—

1st PRIZE of $5000 won by Mrs. Jack Seeberger, 223 E. Elizabeth, Brownsville, Tex.

Winners of $50 prizes: Mrs. D. A. French, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Sam Eason, Houston, Tex.; Burgess Rollo, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. Bernice L. Swingert, Logan, Mich.; Mrs. John Hosmer, Hamlet, Ind.; Mrs. Agnes Chapman, Akron, Ohio; Everett Carpenter, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Miss Helen Lund, Milton, Wis.; Mrs. Ralph Herbert Thayer, Hamilton, Mo.; Mrs. Ira D. Reynolds, Susquehanna, Pa.; Miss Lorraine Beaudet, New York, N. Y.; Ruth Wilson Lemons, N. J.; Mrs. J. R. Reed, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Gertie B. Layton, McCaysville, Ga.; Mrs. Lora Yale, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Miriam B. Schaefer, Mrs. Harry Thomas, Mount Bayo, Calif.; Mrs. Frank Martin, Mrs. Ralph Bowne, Madison, Miss.; Mrs. Bertha Quinlan, Mrs. Nancy Kahl, Mrs. J. C. Hoyer, Kruger, Texas; Mrs. Grover Bunting, Mrs. Irwin Laird, Mrs. Margaret Ray, Ballinger, Mrs. Mina D. Chatterton, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mrs. Fred Armitage, Eaton Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Mae Kingsley, Mrs. Harold H. Hill, Mrs. S. A. Gaskill, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. D. E. Dodson, Mrs. Frank Lyle, Raymond, Miss.; Mrs. Ruth Wilson, Mrs. Mary A. Wareing, Brewster, N. Y.; Mrs. Harry Bee, Fall River, Mass.; Lena Donnelly, Mason City, Iowa; F. McIntosh, Akron, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah Weaver, Mayo, Minn.; Mrs. Ed O'Neil, Syracuse, Ind.; Mrs. Fred Tolbert, Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. S. B. Kinsey, Mt. Midway, Ala.; Mrs. Ralph Hoffman, Mrs. Ralph Sanders, Mrs. Maude M. Hoar, Eden, Mont.; Mrs. W. J. Hoon, Adams, Ohio; Mrs. Joseph A. Mosher, Hempstead, N. Y.; Mrs. Ruth Kite, Augusta, N. Y.; Mrs. Hazel Stewart, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Wm. Grover Cherry, Oak Iowa; Mrs. T. Meyers, St. Joe, Mo.; Mrs. Wm. Gail Bridges, N. Y.; Mrs. Christopher Nelson, Bonner Springs, Kans.; Mrs. Jessie Maxwell, Wash., Mrs. Quong Ho Sing, Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. Lee Ann Cook, Campbell, Calif. Complete list of winners may be obtained by writing General Mills Inc. Minneapolis, Minn.

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DEW is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration odor. Ask for DEW at drug stores, toilet goods counters, 10¢ stores. Three sizes: 10c, 25c, 50c. *DEW will keep your secret.*

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GOOD TIMES WITH DOMINO

A Special Pure Cane Sugar for Every Use This Summer Will Delight Your Family Too!

Summer-time is sugar time! Berries, fruits, cereals, iced coffee and tea, cakes, ice cream—all the summer foods active folks enjoy most during warm weather take *plenty of sugar for energy.*

One word—Domino—will guarantee that your family is getting this valuable sugar supply in the finest form obtainable—100% pure cane—refined in America. "DOMINO!"—on carton or cotton bag, that word means excellence—absolute purity. Sugars never touched by human hands. Sealed at the refinery. Tests have shown Domino Granulated so pure it can be used for drug-store prescriptions. Buy it for your home in cartons with easy-pouring tops. You'll find a Domino cane sugar—pure sweetness and flavor—for every use. One word makes it yours—"Domino." Say it every time you buy sugar—from today!

WHITE MAGIC—"Goodness!" cries Mary. "Domino Superfine Powdered Sugar is so fine it melts like magic. That saves on stirring iced drinks—improves their flavor! You ought to try this quick-melting sugar to bring out the flavor of fruits and cereals too!"

SURPRISE FLAVOR—"Yum!" says Jimmie. "This bread and sugar tastes like butterscotch!" "Of course, silly!" says Betty. "It's Domino Yellow Sugar—the swell kind Mother uses for cookies and candied sweet potatoes and waffles! Aren't you glad we found it?"

OLD-TIME GOODNESS—"Yes, honey-chile," says Dinah, "this yere Domino Old Fashioned Brown Sugar gives the bestest old-time plantation flavor to baked ham. It's like to melt in yo' mouf! No wonder you chillun loves it. I uses it for my baked beans and ginger cakes too."

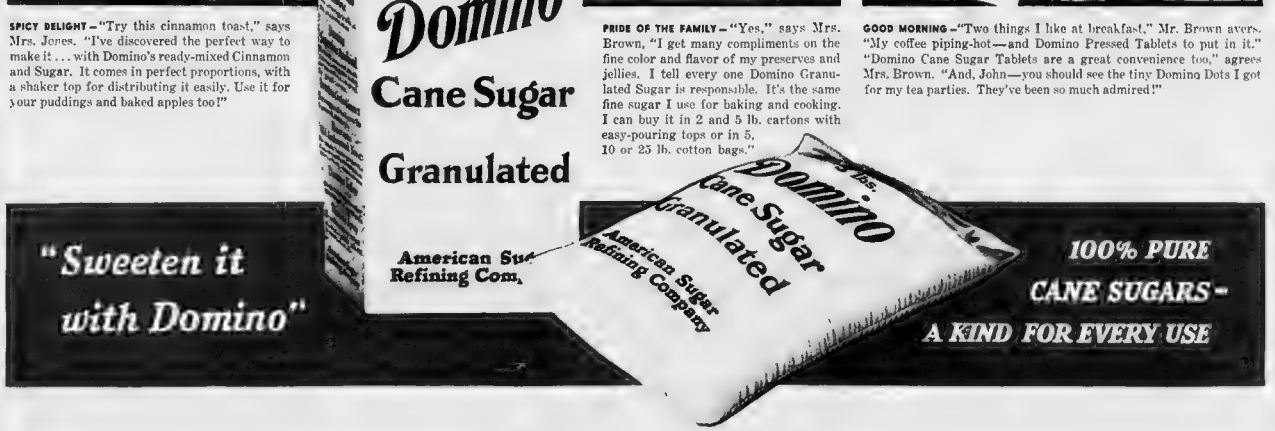
SPARKLING SOCIETY—"Your conversation sparkles just like this Crystal Domino Tablet," says Dolly. "I know the answer to that one," counters Bob. "Domino gets that sparkle with their exclusive Adant process. It's *the* crystal tablet sugar for hot coffee and tea."

PERFECT PARTY—"Boy! What a cake," says Billy. "Bet it took hours to put that fancy frosting on!" "Not our Mother," boasts Janie. "She makes quick frosting with Domino Confectioners XXXX, the finest sugar there is. She doesn't even cook it . . . and it turns out perfect!"

SPICY DELIGHT—"Try this cinnamon toast," says Mrs. Jones. "I've discovered the perfect way to make it . . . with Domino's ready-mixed Cinnamon and Sugar. It comes in perfect proportions, with a shaker top for distributing it easily. Use it for your puddings and baked apples too!"

PRIDE OF THE FAMILY—"Yes," says Mrs. Brown, "I get many compliments on the fine color and flavor of my preserves and jellies. I tell every one Domino Granulated Sugar is responsible. It's the same fine sugar I use for baking and cooking. I can buy it in 2 and 5 lb. cartons with easy-pouring tops or in 5, 10 or 25 lb. cotton bags."

GOOD MORNING—"Two things I like at breakfast," Mr. Brown avers. "My coffee piping-hot—and Domino Pressed Tablets to put in it." "Domino Cane Sugar Tablets are a great convenience too," agrees Mrs. Brown. "And, John—you should see the tiny Domino Dots I got for my tea parties. They've been so much admired!"



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The worst body odor comes from P. O.—perspiral on odor under the arms

Take 1 minute to use Yodora—new amazing deodorant cream that works d rectly on underarm secretions. Normal t stops odor 1 to 3 days. Yodora also reduces amount of perspiration.

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THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

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CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER
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HOME paring only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the root to come back bigger, more painful! Don't take chances with old-fashioned, unknown remedies. Play safe with the scientific Blue-Jay. It ends pain by removing pressure, then in a few days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). 6 for 25c. Same price in Canada.

A plug of dual-zone cushion like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for powered interference.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
AT HOME CORNS ROOT AND ALL

PORTALS OF ILLUSION

No. 7—THE HORIZON OPENS

By H. Bedford-Jones

(Continued from Page 12)

spokeswoman. "He is hurling ashes in the air and shaking the earth. Matters have come to a crisis, we must appease the god and do it now, lest he destroy us."

Zoar smiled coldly. "Do the appeasing, since you're afraid of him. I'm not."

"No evasions," snapped Lady Brae, hot with determination. "The agitation among the serfs and freedmen has become acute. You've taken no husband, and what would happen to us if you died suddenly I'm sure I don't know. The council has urged you for the past six months to kill off these radical agitators—"

"And if I did," broke in Zoar with a curl of her lip, "the council would be the first to cry out in horror at my cruelty. Not to mention the value of the slaves killed."

"If you don't take action, the council must," said Lady Brae. "There's a riot downtown this minute, and we've sent the soldiers to disperse them. We want your assent here and now to our entire program—marriage, death or deportation for all agitators, more authority for the council! But chiefly, marriage."

"To your son, Lord Armin?" said Zoar.

"Yes. He's the best and most powerful man in Atlantis for the purpose. With our family and connections behind him, the throne will be secure. We'll soon repress all the threat of anarchy."

If Lord Armin took a wife in the fashion of his ancestors," said Zoar, "he'd batter down the palace doors with his axe and hit me over the head and take me."

"Thank heaven, my son is a gentleman!" rasped Lady Brae.

"Thank heaven he is, otherwise I might have married him long ago."

Lady Brae flushed. "We'll have none of your silly talk, Zoar; the council means business. There's to be a feast here tonight for the fleet captains. That will be a good time to make the announcements. You agree?"

Zoar looked at them; she was helpless and knew it. She could not oppose them. The Atlantides were a matriarchal people, and the council had gradually absorbed the power until she herself was but a figurehead. This was an ultimatum to which she could make only one answer.

Suddenly, caution died in her. The copper knife, hid between her breasts, pricked her flesh as she stirred. Her golden brows drew down at the women, her voice leaped forth.

"I will not marry your son. I will not give the council more power; instead, I'll take back what power it has. Get out, and get out now or I'll have the guards put you out!"

They gaped at her in ludicrous consternation; then angry fury rushed into their faces. Lady Brae clenched her thin lips turned, and walked out, the others with her.

Zoar fell back in her seat, her own anger passed in turmoil and dismay. She had plunged—too late. She had no backing, she could not even trust the palace guards. Her refusal to abandon the old sun-god worship had alienated most of the people, who were in a half-hysterical frenzy over the comparatively new faith of the fire-god.

Despondently, she plucked out the opal and the knife whose pricking impulse had caused her mad defiance. The jewel comforted her a little; its iridescent fires gave her a hint of courage, and brought before her mind the face of Tubal. Ah, there was a man! A man to trust, a man to love a man to seek Tartessos and a new horizon with! But that was impossible. With a sigh, she covered the jewel and fell into despondency again. It was all useless. She had given her defiance and tonight would end everything.

Noon was at hand when Captain Gadir was announced. Zoar still sat in the courtyard, morose and hopeless. When the rugged, bronzed seaman came in and saluted her, the earth was trembling again, and a mountain of black smoke was rising into the sky.

The fire-god does not approve of you, Gadir," she said, summoning a smile. She paid little heed to the smoke, fire, and occasional eruptions; all that was an old story, and she was sorrowful of those who regarded this freak of Nature as a god.

"There's a good deal of alarm in the city," said he, and came close to her. "Lady Zoar, I've always been loyal to you and to your mother before you."

"You're the only true friend I have, Gadir," she said sadly.

That may be so—in Atlantis. Well, I'm getting ready to leave the old country."

She sat up, alarm and protest in her face. Before she could speak, he hurried on.

"Contact with our colonists overseas has charted me a new course. Those fellows of ours in Tartessos are doing great work. I'm not the only one to think so. A lot of officers and men in the fleet feel the same way. We're fed up with the ancient laws, the old women who run things here, and the way they've grabbed all the power. That's why I brought Tubal over. What do you think of the invitation from Tartessos?"

She looked at him and quivered a little.

Ancient Armored Mexican Figure, Believed by Scientists to Be a Warrior of Atlantis, Some of Whom Are Said to Have Reached Mexico.

"Oh, Gadir! It would be wonderful but it's impossible. I've just had an ultimatum from the council, marry Lord Armin, hand over more power to the council crush the serfs and agitators. I lost my head and defied them."

"Good for you!" blurted the seaman. She shook her head.

No. It means the end. I've no friends, no backing. I'm actually powerless here, as you know. They're resolved to act today, tonight. Lady Brae told me so." She had been holding the opal in her hand, and now opened her fingers; her palm was wet with sweat. She looked at the stone as she spoke. Suddenly, her words died. A glint from that jewel with its lambent greenish fires shot to her brain, she flung up her head and looked at Gadir with a queer, eager light in her face.

"Gadir! The fleet your ship alone!"

"I was just going to propose it," he said, and smiled grimly. "Half our cargo is still aboard, it's all the ballast we need. Say the word, and we can pull out before dawn, Lady Zoar."

For a moment her eyes were wide, radiant; then she relaxed.

"No use. I'm closely watched. If I left the palace, the guards would be all around me. And they obey Lady Brae rather than me. Besides, they mean to act tonight at the feast."

Then give them the slip at the feast," suggested Gadir. "See here! I can have fifty men or more at the banquet—and you can count on my men, let me tell you. We can kick up a rumpus to cover your departure. Eh?"

She sat up, color springing in her cheeks, her eyes alert.

Good, good!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "It might be done, Gadir! I may be wrong. Nothing may happen tonight. I may be able to slip out and hide away. Wait and see!"

"All right," he assented. "I'll have the ships ready, and the lads at the feast. I understand that I'm to sit next to you. Just slip me word whatever you decide, and I'll be ready to act accordingly. Agreed?"

"Agreed!" she breathed, and with a curt salute he was gone.

Noon passed into afternoon, and Lady Zoar went about with a new light in her face, a new eager happiness in her eyes, a song in her heart. Even so she found it hard to reach a decision, at times, hesitation shook her.

Later when the sun was westering, red and angry behind the pall of volcanic ash and smoke in the sky, Zoar went to her own apartments. When she had bathed she sent away her attendants and went to the long couch before the window-opening. Here, upon a glossy tiger skin, she stretched out in naked luxury to the cool air. And here, smiling, she held up the opal and looked anew into its heart. She was mad about the jewel, bewitched by it, and found in it new joy with every moment.

To run away? The thought irked her. To go defiantly, openly, bravely, yes! But that was impossible. To slink away like a thief in the night—she did not like that at all. She could not make up her mind to it. The glitter of that fiery opal blinked up at her, winked at her, laughed with the hearty ringing laugh of Tubal.

It had a personality, this gem. It talked to her, it brought queer impulses into her brain, suggested odd vagrant thoughts. Those little rodents, the lemmings, whose vast swarms came swimming across the narrows in the north, every few years, coming from the ice-bound overseas country in a vast breeding migration. Those birds, who came by air from overseas for the same purpose, in teeming millions, to this land of the blessed! Her own people who had occupied this land, who had sent vigorous offshoots to east and west, only to atrophy here themselves in idle security.

"Go with him!" The thought-impulse came straight from that shimmering jewel. "Go with him! Turn your back on the stone people who hate you, take the sun-god, the shining metals and a cause to the sons of Atlantis in Tartessos! Take the emblems of royal Atlantis with you. Make the fire-god your slave, as he says, not your deity. Go!"

Her fingers touched the little graven discs about her neck. As in quick assent, or in quick wrath, the voice of the fire-god trembled on the air; the earth shook, and the stones of the palace groaned and rasped. Zoar laughed - and glanced up as one of her women came in hastily.

"Lady! The palace guards are all gone! Lord Armin's regiment has displaced them. And Lord Armin himself is outside. He demands speech with you."

The guards gone, and Armin's regiment in command of the palace! Zoar went white to the lips. Then she pulled a corner of the tiger skin across her body.

"Send him in," she said in a stricken voice.

The stone people held their bodies in pride, not in shame. In summer, they usually went unclad except for a loin-cloth. The old women of the council, whose withered bodies somewhat suffered by comparison, were trying to change all this, too.

Armin strode in and saluted. Zoar stared at him with helpless, terrified eyes; this blow was a shrewd one. Armin was thinlipped like his mother, well-built and tall, but the laughter playing about his lips and eyes was a cruel mockery of mirth.

"Lady," he said abruptly, "by order of the council my companies have taken over the palace guard.

"Tonight when the wine is brought in at the banquet, a proclamation of our marriage will be made. Also, the council will proclaim the new powers you've accorded them, and the new laws against all agitators. You will agree."

"And if I don't, Armin?" said Zoar. His gaze dwelt upon her for a long moment.

"Then I'll marry you in the fashion of our ancestors, with whip and club. I'm the master here, and master of Atlantis from this moment. The palace is mine, the army is mine, and you're mine. Make up your mind to like it, for tonight's your bridal night. And," he added, "we've learned a few things about your fine Captain Gadir, too. He'd better make the most of the celebration in his honor tonight for there'll be a new fleet commodore by morning."

He turned and strode out.

Her women flocked about, fearful, wondering; Zoar sent them away. Alone, she lay back on the couch with a dry, hopeless sob. Her heart was pounding; desperation surged upon her with overwhelming force; they had struck, and she was helpless. She had no one, not one. Now she was cut off from any possible aid.

The copper knife pricked her. She caught it up, touched it to her breast; checked herself. To die thus weakly, a futile failure? No! Better to die this night fighting against destiny to the last!

Somewhere a door swung shut. She heard a quick, light step behind her. Thinking it one of her women, she threw a corner of the tiger skin across her body.

"The most beautiful creature in the whole world, and wasted on Atlantis!"

Startled by that voice, Zoar lifted her head, and gasped.

"You! You! How dare you come in here—"

Her words died. It was Tubal, wiping blood from his hand on his leather robe. He laughed cheerfully.

"Oh, there was an argument but I told you this copper knife would make stone weapons look poor! I had to have a word with you, and I'll have to be off before they find that guard's body. Do you know there's been a lovely riot downtown? And Hell's going to break loose this night."

She swung her feet to the

(Continued on Page 15)

Unhappy Adventures of a Stage Star

(Continued from Double Page)

had flown away from her gilded cage, thanks to the combined cleverness of herself and lover.

After my return to Paris I was soon dividing my time again between the tedium of long rehearsals and the usual round of gay parties.

How well I remember the parties at the Armenonville, a pavilion of glass and gilt half-hidden in the leafy arcades of the Bois de Boulogne—that Daphne Grove of Paris.

One summer night at the Pavillon d'Armenonville I made a wager with Madame de Santris, the eminent painter, that she would not take a champagne-bath in front of the invited guests in her velvet dinner-gown. I lost, because she immediately ordered the maître d'hotel to bale out the water from a big marble basin full of gold-fish in the middle of the supper-room. And to pour into it one hundred bottles of champagne.

Aided by a dozen garcons, the headwaiter quickly emptied the "vasque" and filled it to the brim with the amber fluid. Madame de Santris, in her splendid robe, then dived into the sparkling waves.

After a five-minute splashing around, the artist emerged intoxicated from the basin, having swallowed a lot of the golden bubbles while winning her wager.

At the Chateau de Madrid, another fairy-like restaurant of the Bois, I met Alfonso XIII one day at dinner after the Longchamps races. The King told me how much he had enjoyed my daring dance at the Palace Theatre in "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faun" (A Faun's Afternoon)—a tableau afterwards banned by the police, because I wore nothing to speak of—and we became such fast friends that he laughingly commanded me to call him "Phon-Phon," instead of "Your Majesty."

The Spanish monarch lavished gifts on me and to repay him I invited him to a private supper at my residence on the Boulevard Hausemann. He came, but was hardly a discreet visitor, for while he was dining his squad of bodyguards patrolled the sidewalk and grounds, peeping into the windows and listening at the doors to make sure nobody was hurting His Majesty. My butler happened to be ill and Antoinette, my maid, was so terrified at her first sight of royalty that in opening the champagne she tried to stop the wine from running on the floor by clapping her palm over the bottle, with the result that she squirted it in the regal Bourbon eye.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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She swung her feet to the

(Continued on Page 15)

The calendar said: "stay in" MIDOL said: "STEP OUT"

Do you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? Do you still let the calendar regulate your life — giving up enjoyment and giving in to suffering which you think is unavoidable?

If you do, you should know that doctors have discovered severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not a fact of most women. And that thousands of women have proved it is *not necessary*. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

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Says Marquette Newton, lovely New York model

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"And Lifebuoy agrees with my sensitive skin. Ordinary soap often causes it to break out in a rash. But Lifebuoy keeps it soft, smooth, and clear."

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

MILLIONS have found from personal experience that no ordinary soap stops "B. O." as Lifebuoy does... Isn't that reason enough why more American men, more women, more children use it for the bath than any other soap?

Lifebuoy contains an *exclusive purifying ingredient not in any other popular toilet or bath soap!* It makes the soap a more efficient cleanser—it increases its *mildness!* Lifebuoy is over 20% milder than many leading "beauty" and "baby" soaps.

Join the millions who have learned they can depend on Lifebuoy... as they *can't* safely depend on ordinary soap! You'll love the gloriously *clean* feeling—the smooth freshness it imparts to your skin. Best of all, you'll appreciate the *confidence* you get from your daily Lifebuoy bath!... Confidence you're free from "B.O."... Safe from any likelihood of offending.

Use Lifebuoy for complexion, too! Its *milder* lather helps bring out *natural* beauty!

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Slumber on—In Spite of Sultry Nights

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

TO A GREAT many persons weather means sleeping discomfort even more than it does the daily annoyances of sunburn, perspiration and prickly heat. Indeed, all these summer ills (not forgetting poison ivy blisters) seem to become exaggerated a hundred-fold at night, until the sleeper does nothing but toss, turn and twist the light bed coverings into a restless rope, from which he disentangles himself in the morning, often completely exhausted.

To arise from such a sleepless night is to start the working day on only two cylinders. Hence, how to achieve a sleep of repose in spite of sultry weather is an acute midsummer problem.

But there are just as many "solutions" to restful sleep as there are clues in a crime story. Some persons are disturbed if the least ray of sudden light challenges their eyes; others are disturbed by the slightest sound; still others throw their pillows overboard when these seem hot and lumpy; and many are sensitive to weight in blanket or other bedding.

Experts who have studied sleep in tests made on college students find that even in normal "sound sleep," the body turns about 30 times from side-to-side, during an eight-hour slumber period. With what frequency, then, must the abnormal or restless sleeper turn over in his bed! Of course the first requisite for comfortable sleep is a good mattress. This means a level, taut and not too soft mattress.

Mattress manufacture is at a very high point of quality and excellence today, and it should not be difficult for the buyer to purchase a model to suit her choice, whether that be of natural horse-tail hair laminated cotton, or other matrials in combination with coil or woven springs of scientific contruction.

But even if the best bed in the world awaits a sleeper, and he is still restless, what may be done about it? It is unnecessary to suggest first, of curse, that the room should be cool as possible, and have been well aired and ventilated before retiring. Such large quantities of wam air accumulate during the afternoon in the upper rooms of a use that a definite routine of freshening the upper sleeping quarters should be followed dah opening windows, making cm-ventilation between severa rooms possible, etc.

Now for that unfortunate person who "can't stand the inds up," because of the light tiking the eyes. (And it maje mentioned in passing that te writer had a college room-m for three whole years who w exactly that person, and the on genuine quarrel between us wa that one wanted the shades down while the other preferred them up).

Here's a simple solution: Wear a lightweight sateen eye-shade that doesn't press on the eyelids, but which blots out light and early morning sunshine.

Let those on the other hand, who hate noise and the crowing of the matutinal cock, use soft-wax ear-mufflers, safe and harmless, but which shut out all harsh vibrating. Or, if the noise victim is wealthy, he may install a window silencer that not only shuts out noise but also filters the air and removes hay-fever pollen—asthma sufferers take notice! Installed like a familiar window ventilator, it operates on a fraction of a cent of hourly electricity.

For the restless sleeper whose first disgust is with his usual rounded soft pillow, there are also happy solutions. One is to use a specially designed pillow which will not bunch or sag because it is stitched in five layers, so that the feathers and filling can't possibly bunch in a bump! Another is to use that originally designed head-rest which is flat and has a section cut away in which the head fits—like the usual pillow with a big bite taken out of it. That is, your head rests on a pillow, but your neck does not.

And before leaving this point about pillows, the summer homemaker will be glad to learn that there are new disposable pillow-cases made from a soft linen-like fabric impregnated with pine fragrance. Each case will usually give a week's wear, and may then be discarded, making a big saving on laundry bills. (Campers and trailerites, like special note).

One need scarcely remind the reader that when it comes to summer bedding, sheets must be wide and deep, to allow sufficient tuck-in at both sides and foot. And, of course, weight counts in hot weather, and hence it is desirable to take off poundage in bedding as well as in your own person. Recently what is known as a summer-weight blanket has become vastly popular. These special light-weight coverings often weigh in at only a few ounces and are sufficiently warm for the most chilly night, yet light as the proverbial powder-puff. Made of genuine fleece wool (and that's where the warmth is), they do not fatigue the sleeper or cause him to want to throw off his covers at the first symptom of overweight.

With many other persons it's a case of getting off to sleep in the first place, for once they are in the land of dreams, nothing disturbs them. For these folks, there are many novelties which increase the pleasure of summer rest hours. If they find helpful the latest mystery story, then an ingenious reading stand which holds the book or magazine tightly upright while the reader lies flat and relaxed, is worth investigating. This model stands firmly on the floor but adjusts over the bed, and is equipped with a small glareless reading lamp for use above the pages.

Another lighting novelty which makes for harmony between two persons, one of whom enjoys reading in bed while the other does not, is the special reading spotlight. This focuses on the book only and casts no glare into the eyes of the other person.

"When is a bed not a bed?" is a riddle easily answered by a combination adjustable deck-chair cot, which can successfully fill three roles in a single day. It can be a deck-chair on porch or terrace in the morning, open out into a semi-bed or chaise longue in the afternoon, and at night turn itself into a proper single bed. It has an inner spring mattress, and all it requires to transform itself into one disguise from another, is a press of the fingertips on the lever controls.

Popular this summer is a remarkable new invention by which anyone can take his mattress out and hang it on the clothesline. Yes, believe it or not, it is as simple as that. For this bed has a coil spring with two comfortable pads of felt which can be removed or quickly aired or sunned. So, also, can the water-resistant ticking which has a zipper closing all around the edge.

Is your bed damp? Take it out in the sun, zip off the cover, lift off the pads, and hang it up as you would a sheet or tablecover. Grand for the cottage-by-the-sea of course, as well as for the camper and stay-at-home vacationist.

OWN A ROYAL PORTABLE ON YOUR OWN TERMS!

ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY

GET FREE HOME TRIAL. Without risking a penny—see how a Royal Portable will help every member of your family—help *you* all write faster, think faster—help students with their homework, help them do more—help Dad and Mother with their letters. Mail coupon today for complete details of Royal's offer. No obligation.

ACT NOW

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Dept. R-311, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Tell me how I can own—for only a few cents a day—a Royal Portable. Send Royal Portable—with FREE HOME TRIAL.
Name
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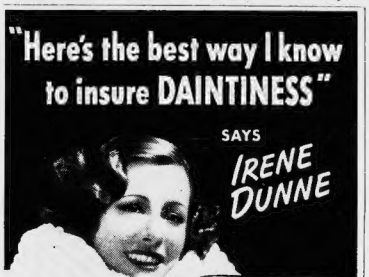
"Here's the best way I know to insure DAINTINESS"

SAYS IRENE DUNNE



USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS A BEAUTY BATH—IT'S A LUXURY ANY GIRL CAN AFFORD

THE ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN FRAGRANT—REALLY FRESH AND SWEET

YOU'LL LOVE THIS BEAUTY BATH! IT INSURES DAINTINESS—THE CHARM THAT ALWAYS WINS

IRENE DUNNE, one of Hollywood's loveliest stars, gives you an important beauty tip. She uses her complexion soap as a bath soap, too, because its ACTIVE lather protects daintiness, leaves skin fresh and *sweet*. Try it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

CORNS STOP HURTING

Safe, Sure Relief In One Minute!

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads pain vanishes! Nagging shoe pressure ends at once. They prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; ease new or tight shoes. These soft, cushioning pads quickly soothe and heal. The separate *Medication* included in every box quickly removes corns or callouses. No other method does all these things for you! Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today. Cost a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

PORTALS OF ILLUSION

(Continued from Page 14)

floor, hastily clutching at the tiger skin as it slipped.

"Arnim was just here!" she exclaimed. "I'm a prisoner. And they suspect something about Gadir—I don't know what."

"And tonight you're to be wedded, and there is to be a purge of the serfs and the political agitators that'll make the streets run red!" he said. "Right. Now you must act sharp, or go under for life. Gadir tells me you're willing to go with us. Yes?"

"Yes," she whispered, staring at him. "But it's impossible."

"Nothing's impossible," he said vigorously. "Gadir says there's some way out of the palace, out of the great hall where the feast will be; some way that avoids the gates and brings one out on the seaward side. He's heard rumors of it. Is there such a way?"

"Yes!" Her eyes dilated. "The curtain to the right of my throne-seat hides the doorway. It's never used, but it may be guarded."

Tubal made a rude noise expressive of his contempt for a few guards.

"All right. Gadir is going to pack in every man he can decently bring to the feast tonight. I'll be there, somewhere. If we can't get you out any other way, we'll do it then. We're not ready to act now, but we'll be ready tonight."

He came swiftly to her, bent above her, seized hold of her. His eyes held the blazing, provocative glints of the opal.

"Your future lies overseas, Tartesos needs you. I need you. With these metal weapons we can lead our men across the world. You can give the sons of Atlantis new horizons—we can do it together! Yes or no?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes!" she panted.

He gripped her close; she clung to him with impulsive abandon, and he met her lips with his own for one savage moment.

Then he was gone, with his ringing laugh. She stood with hands clenched, with a living flame of fire coursing through her veins and her whole body. Alone no more, a future to fight for, friends and a mate to stand behind her and the sun-god over a new horizon!

It was a new Lady Zoar who entered the banquet-hall that evening, her head high, a fierce, wild pride in her eyes, and the carven stone discs of the sun-god at her throat. Under her robe, the opal and the copper knife.

A new Lady Zoar who swept into the upper hall, where sat the councillors, the old wise women, with Arnim and other lords of Atlantis, and the guests of honor. Captain Gadir and half a dozen of his officers. Below, in the larger hall, sat those of lesser rank. Tubal was not in sight.

Zoar, amid a burst of acclaim, went to the throne-seat. She met the false smiles, the salutes, the treacherous eyes, with a gaze of defiant scorn and anger. And of quiet assurance from Gadir gave her steadiness.

Precisely at midnight, when the wine came in, they would strike; Arnim had told her so. The guards here were his own men; the palace was filled with other companies. Yet, in the ragged faces of the seamen, in the memory of Tubal's ringing laugh, Zoar found a comfort, a backing, a certainty. She flung herself into the gay talk and repartee, she asserted herself, she did not veil her thoughts or opinions; for this night she was a queen, if she died for it!

Yet the gaiety of the feast was forced. Now and again the ground trembled. The air was oppressive and empty, as though some vast force were sucking all

(Continued on Page 17)

TAKES THE BURN OUT OF SUNBURN

'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly does take the burn out of sunburn . . . A quick application after too-long exposure is cooling and grateful . . . serves to protect the irritated surfaces . . . relieves pain. It's absolutely odorless, too, and very economical.

10¢

Copr. 1938 Chesebrough Mfg. Co.

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

"If you insure a man today, he might die tomorrow. And you'd have to pay the face value of his policy. How can you work out life insurance rates when you have to take such chances?"

Ah, but no chances are taken.

Who will die this year? Nobody knows.

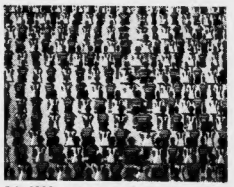
How many will die this year? Experience provides a practical answer to that.

Did you ever hear of a *mortality table?* It is a table that shows the number of people in any given age group who have died each year.

Mortality tables are based on *past* experience and become measuring rules for the *future*. Many mortality tables are available. The selection of a particular mortality table by a life insurance company depends upon its suitability for the group which is insured.

Let us take the mortality table that is written into the insurance laws of most states and see how this table works. What does it show?

We don't know who will die—but we know how many



Take 1000 youngsters at the carefree age of ten.

Twenty years later, at the age of *thirty*, this table shows that 146 of these 1000 youngsters will be dead.

At forty, life may *begin* for some of them, but according to this table it will have *ended* for 219 of the 1000.

At age fifty, 302 of the group will have passed on. 698 will still be alive.

At sixty, 579 remain alive of the original 1000.

At seventy, 386 remain to refute the saying that man's life is but "three score years and ten."

At eighty, of our original 1000 youngsters, there still are 145 left, and at least 8 of them will live to be ninety.

Thus, the number of people who are expected to die each year, according to the mortality table, is an important factor in working out safe and fair life insurance premiums. In mutual or participating life insurance, any saving resulting from the difference between expected and actual deaths is reflected in dividends to policyholders, and this is true no matter what table is used.

This is Number 3 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of the preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, *Chairman of the Board*

Leroy A. Lincoln, *President*

1 Madison Avenue New York, N. Y.

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ASK FOR Kurb
. . . new tablets for women's trying days

● Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. KURB is designed especially to aid women through trying, painful days. . . . We tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb Tablets.

Lessen many discomforts

We cannot honestly claim that Kurb Tablets will benefit *every* woman—that is asking too much of any "pain tablet." But after hundreds of tests, we *are* satisfied that Kurb meets the requirements of *most* women who seek to lessen discomfort caused by menstrual tension, simple headaches or muscular pains. . . . The formula is printed on the box, so you may check it with your own doctor.

Try Kurb Tablets and see how quickly they help you. The purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters.

Special free offer!

Act at once, and we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Only one to a family. Simply send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1492, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

12 IN PURSE-SIZE CONTAINER ONLY 25¢

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex—Sanitary Napkins

Snow-Cool MENTHOLATUM for Sunburn

"As welcome as snow would be on a hot, blistering day in summer." That's what Mentholatum feels like when you spread its cooling, soothing film over hot, flaming sunburned skin.

MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS

ANY COLOR LIGHT BROWN to BLACK Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35 all drug and department stores.

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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

"Anti-Colic" Nipples BRAND

Ball Top style — DAVOL — Sani-tab style

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

BLONDES NEED SPECIAL FOODS

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.

Author of "Increasing Efficiency" (Harpers). Contributor to the Cyclopedia of Medicine.

DON'T envy the voluptuous blonde—pity her instead.

There are advantages to being a blonde, especially if you are a woman and enjoy having admiring glances directed at you on the street.

But these fair-haired people, both men and women, have some peculiar food problems due to the fact that their skin is also light. These food peculiarities, as they may fairly be called, are of special concern to most people of Scandanivian and German blood, and to many Slav and English strains.

You do not have to be an extreme blonde to need to give close regard to getting an adequate supply of certain food items. The reason for this peculiar dietary demand is that blondes have a thinner skin than most people and also have less coloring in their skin. The blonde skin is also dryer and is often deficient in the protective fats.

The sad result of these skin features is that blonde skin is irritated by exposure to sunshine and wind. An hour in the sun makes the skin of some blondes so tender that they almost cry with pain. This is worse, naturally, in the very light blondes, but it is the price all blondes have to pay for their distinctive complexion.

The brunette that few, so the legend goes, turn to admire, can safely put on a sun suit and soak up the sunshine vitamins, or can join a nudist colony without acquiring a painful condition of her skin. But the envied blondes cannot run these risks and as a direct consequence they usually have a deficiency in vitamin D, when compared with their dark-haired sisters and brothers.

Since most blondes have found by painful experience that they must keep out of the direct sunshine, they must give particular attention to getting ample supplies of sunshine vitamins in their daily foods or in consequence suffer a deficiency condition. Blondes who have poor teeth, for example, may discover that this is a result of insufficient vitamin D, or sunshine vitamin.

This vitamin is one with which Nature has been stingy. Very few foods have a large amount of it. Perhaps Nature intended human beings to get it from the sunshine which the blonde avoids.

Cod liver and haliver oil capsules will also be useful to the blonde, since these have large amounts of vitamin D. Egg yolk and butter are also good sources. Cooking does not affect the vitamin D of these foods, so in a narrow way Nature makes up for being so stingy with vitamin D in foods.

This special dietary need of blondes starts from childhood, and parents of children with distinctly light hair and light complexions should take this into consideration.

SPOON BREAD

FAVORITE RECIPE OF THE FIRST LADY OF LOUISIANA

WHEN the South was going through the dark days of the Civil War, many a mistress of a once prosperous plantation rolled up her sleeves and invaded the kitchen to help the cook prepare a meal from handy supplies. Thus, born of necessity, there emarged spoon bread, a glorified corn bread and a descendant of the old time "corn pone."

So good did it taste that its popularity soon spread throughout the South and now it has become traditional. Epicures of Southern cooking like it especially when dining on fried chicken or baked ham.

There are various ways of preparing spoon bread, but Mrs. Richard W. Leche, wife of the Governor of Louisiana, who has tried many of the recipes tells The American Weekly she prefers the following best:

Two cups of milk, one cup of white corn meal, two pieces of butter each a half pound in weight, one tablespoon of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, six eggs beaten separately.

Heat the two cups of milk and add the corn meal while the milk is very hot. Add butter, sugar and salt, stirring thoroughly until all the butter is melted and the ingredients well mixed. Then set aside to cool.

When cooled, add thoroughly beaten egg yolks and stir. Then add stiffly beaten whites of egg and bake for 20 minutes.

Mrs. Leche bakes her spoon bread in a glass dish or casserole which has been well spread with butter. She serves it piping hot and fluffy.

FOOD ON A BIG SCALE

Ernest Augustus, who became King of Hanover in 1837, was so appreciative of well prepared food that on the Court menu the names of the "artists" who composed the various dishes were given program credit.

A French sculptor, when commended by the king for his artistry in preparing a huge confection in the form of nymphs, said sadly: "But, Monsieur, my work was hampered by the fact that your ceiling was but seventeen feet high."

CHICKEN a la MARYLAND

SONG writers and poets have become lyrical over the merits of chicken a la Maryland. Epicures have traveled many weary miles just to have a plateful placed before them. And rightly so, for this delicacy has been a favorite ever since Colonial days, when it was originated by the lordly Calverts on St. Clement's Island. From there it spread throughout the colony as the prize dish of Lord Baltimore.

Although there are a number of ways to make this famous dish, the traditional way is according to the prized Colonial recipe of Mr. K. V. Lichter, chef of the Hotel Rennert, Baltimore. Here is the way he does it:

Choose a milk-fed chicken about one and three quarters to two pounds. Quarter, remove neck and backbone, clean thoroughly, wash and season. After it has drained, dip in milk, roll in flour, put in hot pan half covered with grease and cook until golden brown. Remove from fire, put in covered pan and place, covered, in oven until thoroughly steamed through.

Meanwhile, sprinkle neck and backbone lightly with flour. Place in pan in which chicken was browned and cook until also golden brown. Then add enough milk to make cream sauce of about the consistency of forty per cent cream.

Remove chicken from oven, place on a platter the bottom of which is covered with the cream sauce. Garnish with corn fritters, strip of bacon and small potato croquette.

Since corn fritters are an integral part of chicken a la Maryland they should be prepared as follows:

Using either fresh green corn or crushed canned corn place in a dish adding one or two eggs according to preference. Season with salt and white pepper. Mix, adding flour gradually with teaspoon of baking powder until heavy batter results.

Fry in clean hot pan with about one half inch of fat.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT FOODS

The skilful cooks of Sicily were purchased or hired by the ancient Greeks at enormous prices.

Horse-radish has been used in England as a condiment since the 17th century.

The Greeks ate only two meals a day, at midday and evening. The first was of fruits and wines.

Macaulay said: "You invite a man to dinner because you must; to breakfast because you want him."

Spaniards brought cacao to Europe in 1520. Linnaeus called the tree "Food of the Gods."

William the Conqueror bestowed Addington Manor on his cook, Teslin, for concocting a dish of white soup.

Charles V, erected a monument to Benkels who invented a process of preserving Holland fish in a pickle.

George Washington usually drank a silver pint or mug of beer with a glass of wine at dinner.

D.M.	D.W.	Aspects, Holidays, Notable Food Dates, etc.
1	Fr.	If your fanatics started then, did you fortify the milkman?
2	Sa.	1909 Diamond Jim Brady washed down 14 course dinner with 3 pitchers of orange juice.
3	♑	Food Queen Isaac dinner this day in 1501 cost $20.
4	M.	1776 English lion's tail bitten off by American eagle.
5	Tu	3001 B.C. Hoan Guy, Chinese scholar found roast pork, when pig sty burned.
6	W.	50 A.D. Nero invented sherbet, by pouring syrup on snow from Alps.
7	Th.	Ond Milde nuer Day ☽ ☌ ☿ ♃ ♂
8	Fr.	1780 Louis XV served Mme. Pompadour strawberries and figs.
9	Sa.	It runs low.
10	♑	Cheese mixed with parsley seeds won crown of great Charlemagne.
11	M.	1578 Oysters, Henry IV of France's favorite food shouts out of season.
12	Tu	Julius Caesar born 100 B.C. Made garlic fashionable.
13	W.	Pretty hot today. Whew!
14	Th	Bastille day in France. "Let them eat cake."
15	Fr.	St. Swithin. Borrow umbrella.
16	Sa.	1678 English housewives complain because tea costs $25 a pound.
17	♑	1518 Charles V of Spain ate potted capon with milk for breakfast.
18	M.	1760 Tomatoes introduced in Europe as "apples of love."
19	Tu	1815 Ezekiel Daggett secures U.S. patent for canning food. Hunh for can openers.
20	W.	Corn is riseing
21	Th	1608 Chief Powhatan introduces Captain John Smith to succotash.
22	Fr.	Squirrels mourn Vatel, chef who killed self in 1671 when Louis XIV's fish was late.
23	Sa.	Should be cooler
24	♑	☽ changes from evening to morning star.
25	M.	Hog days begin. Hot dog consumption mounts.
26	Tu	1859 Hash becomes major American industry.
27	W.	1511 Henry VIII knighted a lobs of beef for Lobi sirah thus handed.
28	Th	☉ ☌ ♃
29	Fr.	1742 George Washington's mother makes cherry pie after he chops down tree.
30	Sa.	☉ rises early Do likewise.
31	♑	878 A.D. Alfred the Great avoided by peasant woman for letting cakes burn.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FISH CHOWDER

BESIDES affairs of State, Daniel Webster dabbled quite a bit in cookery and in Massachusetts his recipe for fish chowder is as popular as his speeches used to be.

Take a cod of ten pounds, well cleaned, leaving on the skin. Or if your guests aren't as numerous as Daniel's were, use a smaller one and reduce other ingredients proportionately. Cut into pieces one and a half pounds thick, preserving the head whole.

Take one and a half pounds of clear fat salt pork, cut in thin slices. Do the same with twelve potatoes.

Using the largest pot you have, sizzle the pork first, then remove, leaving in the drippings. Add to that three parts of water, a layer of fish sufficient to cover the bottom of the pot, then a layer of potatoes. Add two tablespoons of salt, one teaspoon of pepper, then the pork, another layer of fish and the remainder of the potatoes.

Fill the pot with water to cover the ingredients. Put it over a good fire, letting the chowder boil 25 minutes. When this is done have a quart of boiling milk ready and ten hard crackers split and dipped in cold water.

Add milk and crackers. Let the whole thing boil for five more minutes. An onion may be added if you like the flavor.

FATAL AFTER-DINNER NAPS

When ancient Rome was at its height, feasts lasted many hours and the diners reclined on couches while eating. After the banquet, flowers were sometimes dropped in the room from concealed cupboards in the ceiling. Occasionally a guest who took a nap never woke up. The heavy blanket of gently falling flowers smothered him.

FRIJOLES PIMAN

OUT in the great open spaces of the Southwest, frijole or bean recipes have been popular for hundreds of years. But of all the bean dishes that have been set before them, cowboys at their chuck-wagon meals on the range, cattle barons in their luxurious ranch houses and section hands playing plaintive guitars in railroad cabooses have most loudly sung the praises of frijoles piman.

Mrs. R. C. Stanford, wife of the Governor of Arizona, prepares frijoles piman in her own kitchen. She gives The American Weekly her recipe, which will serve from four to six people:

Take two pounds of pink, or pinto, beans. Cook in water until well done after adding a teaspoon of salt and a teaspoonful of soda to the water.

Chop finely two small white onions. Measure out three tablespoons of honey and have a small piece of garlic in readiness.

Place the chopped onions in a casserole. Add the honey. Drain the water carefully from the cooked beans, placing them in the casserole. Season with celery salt, cayenne pepper and chives, increasing the amount of pepper to suit taste. Rub lid of casserole gently but thoroughly with the garlic.

Cover casserole, place in medium oven and bake until beans are almost but not quite dry. Usually half an hour is long enough.

SEND IN YOUR RECIPE—YOU MAY WIN $5.00

The American Weekly will pay $5.00 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Here is a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.

There is no restriction on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO LOOK SO COOL AND FRESH AFTER DOING A BIG WASH ON A HOT DAY LIKE THIS?
THAT'S EASY! I USE THE NEW RINSO. IT SOAKS MY CLOTHES CLEAN WITHOUT HARD SCRUBBING OR BOILING

HOW WONDERFUL! AND TO THINK YOUR CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS SO MUCH WHITER AND BRIGHTER THAN MINE. TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT...
TO BEGIN WITH, CUP FOR CUP THE NEW RINSO GIVES OVER 25% MORE SUDS THAN THE OLD. THESE SUDS ARE LONGER-LASTING AND FASTER-ACTING, TOO

I JUST PUT MY CLOTHES IN THE RINSO SUDS TO SOAK. THEN I GIVE THE STUBBORN SPOTS A FEW RUBS... RINSE ... AND HANG UP MY WASH
YOUR WAY SOUNDS EASY AS CAN BE ON THE CLOTHES. I CAN SEE IT'S EASY ON YOU, TOO. I MUST TRY IT

NEXT WASHDAY
RINSO SOAKED MY CLOTHES AT LEAST 5 SHADES WHITER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS GET THEM, THE COLORS ARE BRIGHTER, TOO. YET I DIDN'T TOUCH THE WASHBOARD. I FEEL COOL AND FRESH AS A DAISY

FOR A COOLER, easier washday—get the New Rinso! Instead of scrubbing your strength away over a washboard...instead of sweltering in a hot kitchen...just soak your clothes in the rich Rinso suds. Without hard scrubbing or boiling, Rinso's active suds *soak* out dirt—get clothes at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps. Washable colors come bright as sunlight. Rinso's suds are faster-acting, too; actually soak clothes amazingly clean in as little as 10 minutes. Yet Rinso is safe for overnight soaking. Clothes washed this gentle "no-scrub" way last 2 to 3 times longer.

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 35 famous washers. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. The New Rinso is kind as ever to hands. It is America's biggest-selling package soap.

TUNE IN ON RINSO'S "BIG SISTER"—featuring Alice Frost and Martin Gabel. Every Morning, Monday through Friday, over Columbia Network.

EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology.

More than 10,000,000 beauty-wise, discriminating women now prefer the easy, modern Maybelline way to beautiful eyes. A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara—and presto!—pale, scanty, scattered lashes are transformed into long, dark, curling, luxuriant fringe that is the very breath of romance and feminine charm.

Non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, the exquisite new Cream form and economical Solid form Maybelline Mascaras are obtainable at drug and department stores. Introductory sizes at 10c stores. Treat yourself to charm—insist on Maybelline.

Maybelline

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Summer Salad Dressings

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Fruit Salad Dressing.

BEAT ¼ cup water, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons orange juice and 6 tablespoons pineapple juice. Mix 2 tablespoons cornstarch and ½ cup sugar and combine with hot fruit juice mixture, stirring until well blended. Cook over hot water about 15 minutes, stirring to prevent lumping. Pour very slowly over 2 slightly-beaten egg yolks. Return to heat for a minute to cook the eggs. Chill. Add whipped cream to taste.

Pineapple Cream Dressing.

MIX 1 cup well-seasoned mayonnaise with ½ cup cream, beaten stiff, and fold in ¼ cup well-drained grated pineapple. Serve immediately.

Chiffonade Dressing (For Green Salads).

IN A chilled jar, mix ½ cup salad oil, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped hard-cooked egg, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped red pepper, and 1 tablespoon onion juice. Shake well, cover closely and chill in refrigerator until very cold. Shake well before serving.

Tea-Room Russian Dressing.

MIX 1 cup mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons chili sauce, 3 tablespoons finely-chopped green peppers, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped red peppers or pimiento, 2 drops Tabasco sauce, 1 finely-chopped small sour cucumber pickle, and ½ teaspoon onion juice. Serve immediately.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Bananas with Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Eggs and Bacon, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Raspberries with Cream, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Marmalade, Coffee Substitute.	*Breakfast* Cantaloup, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Minced Dried Beef, Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Peaches, Cereal, French Toast, Fruit Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Cantaloup, Cereal, Rolled Individual Omelets, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Raspberries with Orange Juice, Cereal, Toasted Raisin Bread, Unsalted Butter, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Tomato and Lettuce Salad, Cold Left-Over Meat, Apple Muffin, Delicious Rice Pudding, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Savory Lima Beans and Corn, Golden Corn-Bread Sticks, Fruit Salad Bowl, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Tunafish a la King, Corn-on-the-Cob, Fruit Gelatin with Whipped Cream, Hermits or Lace Cookies, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Vegetable Platter Salad, Ham Sandwiches, Frozen Custard or Berry Cottage Pudding, Iced Coffee Substitute.	*Luncheon* Salmon Salad with Celery Seed Dressing, Ice-Box Rolls, Hot Baked Fruit Turnovers, Iced Lemonade.	*Luncheon* Rich Vegetable Soup, Corn-Bread Sticks, Fruit Salad with Cherry Dressing, Apple Trifle, Raisin Cookies.	*Dinner* Cold Baked Ham with Browned Fruit Compote, Buttered Beans, Baked Okra, Stewed Corn, Shredded Lettuce Salad, Tarragon Dressing, Watermelon.
Dinner Round Steak with Brown Gravy, Boiled New Potatoes, Buttered Green Peas, Spiced Beets, Mixed Fruit Sherbet, Cookies.	*Dinner* Tomato Frappe, Stuffed Meat Loaf, Delmonico Potatoes, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Peach Shortcake.	*Dinner* Chilled Consommme, Lamb Chops, Paprika Potatoes, Buttered Lima Beans, Pineapple Salad, Salad Dressing, Apple Pie with Cheese Pastry.	*Dinner* Brassed Calves' Liver with Bacon Garnish, Whipped Potatoes, Buttered Okra, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Salad Dressing, "Cheese Freeze."	*Dinner* Tomato Juice Cocktail, Fried Brook Trout, Watercress Potatoes, Baked Cucumbers, Home-Made Succotash, Pineapple Sherbet, Small Hot Lemon Queens.	*Dinner* Chilled Veal Loaf, Delicious Potato Salad with garnish of Spiced Carrots, Spiced Beets, Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce, Warm Gingerbread with Custard Sauce.	*Supper* Fruit Salad with Cheese and Currant Dressing, Graham Bread, Iced Punch or Frosted Milk.

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5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

"Portals of Illusion" THE HORIZON OPENS —By— H. BEDFORD-JONES

(Continued from Page 15)

the atmosphere up and away. Tension hovered everywhere, nerves were strung to taut pitch, every breath seemed to charge the lungs with a wild, fiercely impulsive fury.

And, unexpectedly, they forestalled her. Some primitive instinct, here in this old palace so like to an ancient cave, must have given those women warning. A word passed between one and another. Lady Brae leaned over with swift, hurried speech to her son. Zoar caught the gesture, the meaning of it, but could not intervene. Lord Arnim nodded, waved his arm, and came suddenly to his feet.

At the signal, men came plunging forward. Some of those at the board rose and joined them. Flint knives whipped into sight, and double-bladed axes; a bowman came to Arnim's side, notched a shaft, and stood waiting.

The tumultuous surprise died, and Lord Arnim lifted a lusty, vigorous shout.

"My friends! Tonight, the anarchy that threatens Atlantis will be ended. Tonight, Lady Zoar becomes my bride."

"You lie!" Zoar was on her feet, and her voice rang out like a clarion. She had a glimpse of more men pressing forward, bronzed, hearty men, officers of the fleet; she caught a flash of Tubal's face among them.

"You lie, Lord Arnim! You traitors, who swore allegiance to me and now betray me! You women of the council, who want to strip me of power!" Her scornful words drove at them. "I'm the one to act, not you. Tonight I'm leaving Atlantis; make the most of it! Tonight—"

"Lay hold of her! She's insane!" The furious roar burst from Arnim. He came toward her, swinging his axe, the bowman at his elbow. "Seize her, guards!"

Two of the guards ran at her. Zoar evaded their rush, whipped out her copper knife, and flung herself straight at Arnim in torrential passion. The archer lifted his bow and loosed the shaft; to the twang, the arrow whipped across her neck, leaving a red spurt of blood, but a redder gush leaped from his body as the shining knife drove death into him.

Arnim swung his axe as though to strike down the girl. She was shoved aside; the wild laugh of Tubal pealed out, and the chief of Tartessos was at the throat of Arnim, bearing him backward, dodging the huge axe, striking at him. All this in one swift-flashing moment, while shouts and screams filled the hall, while men swayed and fought, while Gadir and his men seized and cleared the secret passage behind the curtain.

Arnim plunged down. Knife dripping, Tubal towered above him.

"To Tartessos!" rang his jubilant shout. "Queen Zoar of Tartessos! Hail!"

Zoar caught his hand. Together they darted to the passage and were gone amid the surging, yelling seamen.

In the lower hall welled up a wild and terrible screaming, drowned by a rumbling roar underfoot. Everything shook. Stones dropped from the roof, the walls; men and women were flung asprawl. The shock passed. Then they picked themselves up, the curtain was ripped from the wall, the doorway was vacant, the passage beyond was empty.

Hours later, Captain Gadir was conning his ship to sea, miles out past the islets and the reef. Beside him on the high poop, where he stood at the steering sweep, were two dark figures staring at the lurid sky.

Abruptly, a queer thing happened. The ship forged along, her square sail bellying under a stiff, hot wind. Without warning, she trembled, was tossed aloft, and her planks groaned and quivered. Yells of terror arose from the men in the waist.

For though the sail still bellied out full, the ship was moving backward, gripped by a rush of waters.

Backward she went in the mad swirl.

"A god, a god!" went up the yell. "Some god has gripped the ship and is pushing her back to Atlantis!"

A tremendous detonation rent the heavens asunder. The ship leaned far over to the boiling seas; the water was scalding to the touch. Then she picked up her course and once more forged forward to the east. Over everything fell a black mist—ashes, pouring down from the sky.

"GONE, gone!" said Tamyra, her voice trembling. She had wakened to herself. She had poured forth her story, all the vision she had glimpsed in that flashing opal. "All of it gone; the swelling green fields, the lovely country, the blessed Atlantis to which the little lemmings swarmed, and the birds in their millions—"

Emotion shook her. Vaguely conscious of lost self-control, she lowered her face in her hands and sat fighting for mastery of herself. But the woman unknown, the woman who owned that opal, gave the Jeweler a strangely excited look.

"This is the most wonderful thing I ever heard!" she exclaimed. "Do you know that even now the lemmings swim out from Norway, driven by some blind persistent instinct—swim out in myriads, reach the place where Atlantis used to be and mill around helplessly until they drown? And birds—the same thing, exactly, with the birds."

Tamyra lifted her head with a wan smile.

"I'm sorry; it just got hold of me, I suppose." She looked at the woman. "You must think I'm a very silly person."

"My dear!" The woman passed the cord of the opal about her neck, then reached for Tamyra's hand. "Do you know where this gem came from? It was found in a cave, in Spain, last year. A neolithic cave, containing the burial remains of men and women, sealed up and forgotten for ten thousand years! This was near Tartessos, or Tarshish, the present Niebla. Those neolithic people, the first to use copper, came from Atlantis; they were colonists settled at Tartessos, who spread in a wave over all western Europe."

Tamyra's blue eyes dilated.

"Oh!" she gasped. A pallor came into her face. "Oh! Next thing, I suppose, you'll say the opal was found on the body of a woman!"

"On the skeleton of a woman, yes. A woman who wore a rude crown. She must have been the queen of those people who surged across Europe in a great migration of conquest. She must have brought them a cause, a new horizon—"

Tamyra put a hand to her head, pushed back her chair, and rose.

"I don't want to think about it. I must get out in the fresh air. Come, please."

The Jeweler, thinking her about to faint, hurriedly escorted her outside and hailed a taxicab. Tamyra climbed in and sat with her head back, her eyes closed. Suddenly she stirred, looked at the Jeweler, and caught his arm.

"Come back, drive back—that woman! We must find out who she is. I must see her again!"

But it was too late; and who she was, they never learned.

Next week's "Portals of Illusion" will tell about Tamyra and the lapis lazuli of ancient Ur.

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American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3878. A DEBONAIR, TWO-PIECER, LOVELY FOR SUMMER AND FOR BACK TO SCHOOL WEAR, TOO. Designed for junior and misses' sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

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Pattern 3877.—VACATION TIME CALLS FOR PLENTY OF SUMMERY FROCKS LIKE THIS, WITH COOL SLEEVES AND FLARING SKIRT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

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